The People's Press.

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THE DECAYING YEAR.

The farmer is busy thrashing,
I hear the muffled blows,
And also the fellow yelling
Who gets the flail on the toes.

I hear the partridge drumming
Among the beeches dense,
And I see the chipmunk running
Along the old rail-fence.

And out in the russet stubble
The quail doth sweetly pipe,
And upon the breakfast-table
The old slapjack is ripe.

—*Puck.*

A FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

"I'll seek the four-leaved shamrock
Through all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!"

"If I could but find one!" said Grace, pausing suddenly in the midst of her song, and letting her hands fall from the keys of the piano into her lap.

"What is the special virtue supposed to reside in the fourth leaflet of a shamrock?"

"Do you not know that a four-leaved shamrock is a supposed fairy talisman, giving its possessor an influence for good over all with whom he comes in contact? He can heal feuds, reunite parted friends—in fact, be every one's good genius. I think I shall look for one, Laurence."

"To what use would you apply your magic powers?"

"I would make your uncle relent, of course."

"I am afraid that nothing short of a fairy spell will accomplish that, Grace; reason has no effect whatsoever upon him."

"Have you been administering much of that article lately?"

"I spent more than an hour this morning in trying to make him see that after five years of hard work I have a right to a fixed salary, be it much or little. (We would be content with a little, would we not, Grace?) He will not admit my right to anything, but says that if I marry to please him, he will take me into partnership at once. As I do not, however, intend to gratify him in this respect, his liberal offers are not of much use."

"Did he name any particular person whom he wished you to marry?"

"Yes; Miss Blake, of Killora. It seems that he and old Blake have been talking the matter over after the manner of the farmers, and have come to an understanding concerning the number of cows and pigs, or their equivalents, to be contributed on each side. My uncle arranged a marriage the other day on strictly commercial principles, between the foreman's son and old Tom Byrne's daughter, and he is so proud of his performance that he is burning to try his hand on my affairs next.

"Alice Blake is a pretty girl and a nice girl, Laurence."

"She is about the prettiest girl I know, but for all that I don't mean to marry her. Nor do I think the arrangement would suit her much better than it does me. If I am not much mistaken, she, too, has plans of her own. But while my uncle has the notion in his head, we shan't be able to make him look at things from our point of view. Try to find the four-leaved Shamrock, Grace, and conjure up a little common sense for my uncle. A very little would do. I must go now; will you come as far as the gate with me."

And the two lovers sauntered out into the twilight and reiterated their last words at the garden gate, leaving the pretty little drawing-room to its sole other occupant, Grace's cousin Gerald, a slender, fair haired lad of about fourteen, who was lying listlessly on a low couch in the bow window.

Grace and Laurence had been playfellows for so many years, that no one but the uncle of the latter felt any surprise when they appeared in the character of lovers.

Mr. Latouche, however, was thunderstruck at the announcement of his nephew's attachment to Grace Neville, and declared, in language of which he afterward felt somehow ashamed, that should Laurence persist in his determination to marry the daughter of a beggarly half-pay captain, he might bid farewell to his present home and future prospects at Glenallan Mills.

Laurence was quite dependent on his uncle, with whom he had lived from childhood; he had always been treated as a son of the house, and on his return from school, had begun to assist his uncle in the management of his extensive flax mills.

Looked on by every one as the future master, and liberally supplied with pocket money, he was nevertheless without any fixed salary, and sometimes felt tempted to envy the mill-hands, who received their weekly pittance, not as a gift, but as a right.

He resolved, however, that come what might he would marry Grace, and he had already begun to make inquiries as to the probability of his being able to utilize the experience gained at Glenallan Mills in obtaining a salaried post in some similar concern.

While Grace and Laurence were loitering in the garden Gerald was pondering over the only portion of the foregoing conversation intelligible to himself—Grace's jesting wish for the four-leaved shamrock.

Poor Gerald was but half-witted; his brain had been injured by a fall in babyhood, and had never properly developed. He was still a child in mind, with all a child's belief in the marvelous—a belief which Grace was chary of discouraging, from an instinctive feeling that his imagination was his highest gift, which, once weakened or destroyed, would never be replaced by reasoning powers.

She was very fond of him, and devoted much time and trouble to the work of training him, and drawing out what little intellect he possessed; while he, on his part, repaid her care with a passionate devotion, obeying her slightest wish, and following her about like a shadow.

He was also fond of Laurence, a ride on whose horse constituted his greatest pleasure; and, though quite unconscious of the reason, he understood, in his own dim way, that Laurence's uncle was angry, and that Grace was grieved.

Anger was a terrible thing to poor Gerald, who dreaded stern looks and harsh words as other lads dread blows.

Why, he wondered, did Grace want the four-leaved shamrock. An unwonted fit of shy reserve prevented his asking for an explanation when Grace returned, but he puzzled over the question at intervals during the night, and the wish for a solution of the difficulty guided his wandering steps the next morning to his old nurse's cabin, which stood on a green hillside, some three miles from his home.

The old woman was sitting on her doorstep, knitting, and basking in the sunshine. She looked up joyfully as Gerald approached.

"Master Gerald, alanna, I thought I was never going to set eyes on you again. What became of you all this long while, honey?"

"I don't know nurse," answered Gerald. "I must have been busy, I think."

"Busy," said old Joan; "poor lamb, sure it's you that'll never know what being busy means; all the better for you, maybe. Sit down there, alanna, an' I'll get you a drink of milk."

Gerald stretched himself at full length upon the grass, and began to drink the milk which Joan brought him in a China mug sacred to his own use.

"How is Miss Grace?" asked Joan.

"I don't know," answered Gerald; "she is unhappy, I think. Her eyes were full of tears when she came in from the garden last night. She thought I did not see them, but I did. Nurse, what is a four-leaved shamrock?"

"A four-leaved shamrock, alanna? Why, a shamrock that has four little leaves instead of three."

"I know that. I mean, what is the use of it?"

"Well, people say that 'tis a fairy charm that brings luck to them that owns it. I never saw one myself, but my mother knew a woman that found one when she was milking her cow in the meadow, an' grew rich an' prosperous from that day out. Who was talking to you about it, Master Fitzgerald?"

"Grace was singing about it last night, and she said that she wished she could find one. It had something to do with Laurence's uncle, I think."

"Ah, yes," said Joan. "I suppose Miss Grace thinks that if she had one she could make things up between Master Laurence an' his uncle."

"And could she?"

"Who knows but she might? By all accounts there's wonderful power in a four-leaved shamrock."

"I wonder if I could find one," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you might. Sure it's to the likes of you that the good people often send their gifts. Look for it any way, Alanna. 'Tis a pity to have Miss Grace fretting.

Henceforth poor Gerald's one dream was to find the four-leaved shamrock, which was to avert the anger of Laurence's terrible uncle and make Grace happy.

Accordingly he wandered about, day after day, telling no one of his purpose, haunting every meadow and every copse where shamrocks grew, seeking the magic quatrefoil destined to work such spells.

Such freaks of nature, however, though they do occur, are very rare, and Gerald's quest was a fruitless one. He had at first avoided the neighborhood of Glenallan Mills from an unconquerable dread of meeting the terrible Mr. Latouche, whose stern face and iron-grey hair appeared to poor Gerald the embodiment of all that was awful.

At length, after days and weeks of patient search in other places, he so far overcame his repugnance as to go—in the early morning—to a large meadow through which the mill-stream flowed, and where the most luxuriant tufts of shamrock in all the country round were said to grow.

It was too early yet for the mill to be at work. The immense wheel was at rest, and a slender thread of rippling water flowed quietly on, giving no token of the force pent in by the sluices, and only awaiting a liberating hand to come rushing down and give life and motion to the slumbering mill.

As he neared the stream, which had steep, grassy banks, gay with many flowers, the great bell commenced ringing, and the workmen were trooping into the courtyard. He should abandon his search for that morning, since he would not risk a meeting with Mr. Latouche.

He was turning reluctantly away, when he perceived a particularly large tuft of shamrock on the steep bank. Some sudden impulse determined him to examine it closely, and he stretched himself on the grass above so as to look down upon it.

His sight was wonderfully long and clear, so that he could distinguish every leaflet in what to another person would have seemed but a confused mass of green. At length, to his unspeakable delight, he perceived the object of his search—a leaf actually composed of four divisions, at the end of a long, trailing stem.

Grasping the herbage firmly with one hand, he stretched the other toward his prize. As he did so, the sudden barking of a dog, accompanied by a loud shout, startled him, and losing his hold, he slipped down the steep bank into the stream below.

At the same moment the gates of the millDam were opened, and the pent-up waters, released from their prison, came seething and foaming down, seizing on poor Gerald's helpless form, and bearing him swiftly toward the certain destruction of the pitiless wheel.

The shout which had scared him was Laurence's, and the bark that of the latter's Newfoundland dog, Carlo. As the boy disappeared from view, Laurence ran forward, urging on his dog with voice and gesture, so that when he reached the bank he found Carlo already struggling with the stream.

To take off his coat and plunge in was the work of a moment. The dog's efforts had somewhat retarded poor Gerald's fate, and Laurence was enabled to seize him just as he was being drawn under the wheel.

A few long moments of desperate struggle, and Laurence found himself once more upon the bank, beside the apparently lifeless form of the lad whom he had saved, and whom he now, for the first time, recognized.

A little crowd of men had by this time gathered around him, one of whom, under his directions, carried poor Gerald into the house, and laid him on a sofa in the dining-room.

Mr. Latouche and his sister were summoned, and every effort was made to restore the boy to consciousness. When, after a long time, he opened his eyes, his first word was, "Grace!"

"Do you want her, Gerald?" asked Laurence, bending over him.

"Yes," said Gerald. "I have found it for her at last."

"Found what?"

"The four-leaved shamrock."

And opening his hand, he showed the little leaf which he had all through managed to keep safely inclosed within his palm.

"The four-leaved shamrock?"

"Don't you remember? Grace wanted it. She said that if she had one she could make your uncle forgive you."

"I remember," said Laurence, with a pang at his heart.

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Latouche.

"I am afraid he must have over-heard some jesting nonsense of ours about a four-leaved shamrock. You know it is said to be a talisman. May I bring Grace here, sir."

"Certainly, if the poor child wishes for her. Take the pony-carriage."

Laurence hurried away, and in a little time the doctor, who had been sent for, came. He said that Gerald had received some injury, causing internal hemorrhage, and that his life was a question of minutes rather than of hours.

After a little time he opened his eyes and asked again for Grace.

"She will be here very soon now," answered Mr. Latouche.

He was standing a little behind the sofa, and Gerald was quite unconscious that the gentle tones to which he now listened were those of Laurence's terrible uncle.

"I am so afraid of being asleep when she comes," said Gerald. "I want to give her the four-leaved shamrock. She will be so glad to get it; she need not be afraid of Laurence's cross uncle any more."

"Does Laurence say that his uncle is cross?" asked Mr. Latouche, his face changing.

"No," said Gerald: "Laurence is very fond of him and Grace says that he is good, and that it is foolish of me to be so much afraid of him; but I think she is afraid herself, for she never will walk near the mills for fear of meeting him.

The sound of wheels was now heard, and a moment later Grace entered with Laurence.

She went straight over to the sofa and knelt beside it. When Gerald saw her, his whole face lighted up with joy.

"See, Gracie!" he whispered, showing his prize. "I have found the four-leafed shamrock!"

"Oh, Gerald!" sobbed Grace, "I shall never forgive myself if my foolish talk has led to this."

"Don't cry about me," said Gerald, "I am not really hurt. Put your arm round me—so. Now I can go to sleep comfortably. You need not be afraid of Laurence's uncle any more."

"I would rather never have seen Laurence again than this should have happened," she cried, passionately.

"Right," said Mr. Latouche in answer to Laurence's look of dismay, "she is all the better worth winning for not being ready to fling old ties to the winds for the sake of her lover. How fond of her that poor boy seems!"

When Gerald next opened his eyes Mr. Latouche, moved by a sudden impulse, bent over him.

"Gerald," he said, "I can promise you that your cousin need never again be afraid of Laurence's uncle."

"I know," said Gerald, dreamily, "she will always be happy now."

"As happy as Laurence and I can make her."

Gerald smiled and closed his eyes.

After a time Laurence, seeing how it was, took him from Grace's arms, and laid him back upon the sofa.

"It is best as it is, Grace," he whispered; "his life as he grew older could scarcely have been a happy one. Up to this you have made it so."

* * * * * *

The four-leaved shamrock, inclosed within a golden circlet of Gerald's hair, hangs in a locket from Grace's watch-chain. Either by means of this, or of some other talisman in her possession, she has cast such a spell over Mr. Latouche that not even Laurence himself is more devoted to her than is the stern uncle to propitiate whom poor Gerald lost his life.

A Newsboy's War Romance.

In the town of Bennington, in the green mountains of Vermont, in the spring of 1861, there lived a poor woman with six children, five boys and one little girl, the youngest of the former a stripling fourteen years old. When the wires flashed the news from Washington all over the land that Fort Sumter had been fired upon the four older boys responded to the country's call and hurried to the seat of war. The youngest lad, his heart fired with genuine Green Mountain patriotism, ran away from home, and eluding pursuit, made his way to the camp on the Potomac. But his ardor was somewhat dampened by the discovery of the fact that he could not, in consequence of his youth and diminutiveness, enlist as a soldier. Determined to remain at the front, and having, as the saying is, to scratch for a living, he went to selling newspapers to the soldiers. Leaving the camp between New Baltimore and Warrenton, about the 10th of November, 1862, he went to Washington for a supply of papers. Having accomplished his object, the young lad set out on horseback for the camp, having to travel a distance of thirty miles. A change of position by the army during his absence had occurred, and as a consequence he ran into the Confederate picket line and was taken to General J. E. B. Stuart's headquarters, at a hotel in Warrenton, and from there sent to Libby prison, in Richmond, arriving there November 13. Major Turner was in command of the prison, and when the young prisoner was brought into his presence, observing that he was a mere boy, the major spoke kindly to him, and after his name had been enrolled asked him the customary question, if he had any money or valuables about his person. The frightened boy had managed to conceal his money, $380, in his boots, and in answer to the question put his hand down, and while a tear drop glistened in his bright eye and his boyish lip quivered, he brought it forth and handed it to the Confederate major, and trying hard to choke down the swelling in his throat, he told of his widowed mother at home, his four brothers in the army, he having made his money selling papers, and saving it to send with his brothers' wages to his mother. The major folded the boy's passes round the money and said to him: "You shall have this again, my boy, when you are permitted to go from here. Six weeks afterward the lad was paroled, and repairing to Major Turner's office the kind officer, handing him the package of money and the passes just as he had received them, said: "Here is your money, my boy." With trembling hand but a joyous heart the little fellow took the package. He was sent to Washington, and a few weeks afterward was going his old round selling newspapers. The boy was Doc Aubrey, the newsboy of the Iron Brigade, who now resides in Milwaukee, and he gave us these facts during the late reunion of the Iron Brigade in this city.—*Grant Co. (Wis.) Herald.*

The tobacco crop of this country, which in 1864 was but 197,000,000 pounds, in 1884 is between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 pounds, or more than three times that of twenty years ago.

A CITY HIGH IN THE AIR.

THE WONDERFUL PUEBLO OF ACOMA, NEW MEXICO.

One of the Most Remarkable Communities in the United States—A Climb to the Village.

A letter from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Lawrence (Kansas) *Journal* gives the subjoined interesting description of a remarkable Indian community: The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Alberquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in New Mexico or the United States. To reach it take the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to McCarthy station, and then transfer to an Indian pony and ride eighteen miles south by east. When near your journey's end you descend almost imperceptibly into the valley six miles in width, in the middle of which stands a butte, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This butte is one of many that are remnants of a mesa that has been worn away by the erosion of the ages, and survives only in flat-topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have seen them covered with waving grain and flocks of sheep.

Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguno, or valley Indians made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter being the weaker occupied this butte as a defensive position believed to be impregnable. Their judgment has been abundantly indicated. It has proved a Gibraltar of strength and safety. The comparison is not inappropriate, and in approaching it from the north I was struck with the resemblance to the pictures I have seen of that grim fortress that frowns over the straits of the Mediterranean. The height above the valley is nearly 400 feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent, one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of forty-five degrees and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult and neither is tolerably safe. We chose the one along the fissure. To give an idea of the laboriousness of the task, imagine a stairway starting at Mr. Grosvenor's office and rising to the top of the spire of the Methodist church, then continuing on an easier angle for 100 feet, and then rising again by a steeper grade than ever to an elevation higher than the weather vane on the university, and this stairway a precarious footing along the sides of a gash in a rugged mountain, and you may know how we reached Acoma! With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other person—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks; but I am satisfied I could never do it.

They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway several generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

The top of the elevation is level, and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone honeycombed with rooms, at the other the church and graveyard, and near the centre a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several rods in extent.

The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bell brought the inhabitants of the village around us. When they understood that the title to their lands was in question and we had come to take testimony they showed great interest, and discussed various points involved with remarkable intelligence, considering their limited opportunities for a knowledge of law. As nightfall came on a number of the men who had been at work in the valley came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept in view of the meagre preparations for supper. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets and never felt more secure or happier in our lives. When the gray dawn peered through the little mica window-panes, it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and through the open tower a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were brought up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnesses, and morning and night, as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in far-off Spain when King George was on the throne. The adobes—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard. It is the only completed graveyard I have ever seen. The old priest seemed very happy in the charge of his flock and his flock seemed happy in possession of him.

When the time for our departure came there was handshaking and a gracious blessing from the old man and a message to Father De Flouri, and we climbed down from the city in the air and rode back in silence to the railroad.

A Church Built from a Single Tree.

A redwood tree, cut in this county, furnished all the timber for the Baptist church in Santa Rosa, one of the largest church edifices in the country. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls.

Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another redwood tree, cut near Murphy's mill, in this county, about ten years ago, furnished shingles that required the constant labor of two industrious men for two years before the tree was used up. The above statements are vouched for as true by Supervisor T. J. Proctor.—*Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Dr. Spitzka says the popular delusion that the human eye has an influence over insane people similar to that claimed for the same organ over wild animals, is one that is often ridiculed by the insane themselves. He adds that whoever attempts to utilize the notion will recognize its absurdity promptly.

Eighteen ravens were captured near Gridley, Cal., a short time ago in a somewhat curious way. A flock of three hundred swooped down on the backs of a number of sheep that were grazing, and in the birds' eagerness to get away eighteen of them got their talons fastened in the sheep's wool, where they were held captive until secured by lookers on.

There are in the country eleven St. Pauls, twenty Bridgeports, eighteen Buffalos, twenty Newarks, seventeen Brooklyns, Clevelands and Rochesters, sixteen Hartfords, fifteen Louisvilles, thirteen Bostons and Pittsburghs, eight Cincinnatis, and Philadelphias, six Chicagos, seven Detroits, five Milwaukees and St. Louises, thirty-two Washingtons and four New Yorks and Baltimores. New Orleans and San Francisco are not duplicated.

The method of curing hay in Norway is peculiar. In driving along the highway one notices out in the midst of a field ten or a dozen lengths of post and rail fence in a straight line. What is the object of the fences? When the grass is cut it is laid over these rails, tier above tier, to dry. In the curing process it has the benefit of the wind as well as sun; and, in case of rain, the water runs off readily. The color of the hay is nearly as bright a green as the standing grass.

A physician who has compiled hints for travelers seriously advises every one to carry a crochet needle to relieve possible ennui at health resorts, a very distinguished Chicago merchant having been greatly benefited of his dyspepsia and insomnia by learning to crochet beautifully during a long winter at a certain New York spring. Hereafter all mothers will teach their sons the delicate use of the crochet needle, and tidies will not be spurned by masculine contempt.

Improvement of Plants.

All our cultivated plants have originated from their wild types, and have been brought to their present perfection by the art of the farmer and gardener. Wheat, the staff of human life, originated in a plant which bears a very remote resemblance to that which we know; so remote a resemblance indeed as to be discovered only by a botanist. The present cabbage has its origin in a seaside plant which forms no head, but carries only a stalk with loose leaves, and the turnip and beet also originated from maritime plants which have a thin, fibrous, tap root of no similarity to the fleshy bulbs which now give value to them. These examples may serve to represent the whole list of our useful and valuable agricultural plants and fruits. The improvement in the character of cultivated plants is due solely to the improved condition of the soil by culture and tillage.

If we take a piece of the richest land and plant upon it a crop of wheat or cabbage without turning over the surface, mellowing it, and exposing it to the influence of the air, the warmth of the sun and the effects of frost and rain, the product will be far inferior to the seed sown. If this product be permitted to fall upon the ground, take root and grow, the second product will further depart in its character from that of the original seed, and this process of deterioration will continue until we cannot recognize in the product any likeness to the seed originally sown. If we reverse the process and plow and cultivate soil, we can restore the lost character and even improve upon the original excellence of the seed. What, then, is lost or missed by want of cultivation, and what is gained by the practice of it? We know how the soil has been formed and of what it consists, and it may be easily concluded that as atmospheric influences have had so much to do with the formation of it originally, so they are not without effect in modifying its condition from day to day. This is precisely the key to the whole system of tillage and culture; for inasmuch as we cause the soil to be exposed to the effects of the atmosphere and atmospheric influences so do we loosen or unlock from it its fertile elements; and inasmuch as we permit it to remain covered by a hard crusted surface so do we render it inert and cause it to become sterile. We recently gave an instance of the deterioration of a wheat crop, mentioned by that great experimenter, Sir J. B. Lawes, and abandoned to nature instead of being cared for in the usual manner. This neglected crop in two short years became practically extinguished, while by the side of it successive crops grown upon the same ground for forty years, produced an average of over fourteen bushels per acre.—*New York Times.*

A Missouri Methuselah.

Macon county, Missouri, can boast a man who was eighteen years old when Sir Moses Montefiore was born—and has not been given a celebration either. His name is Robert Gibson. He lives with his son, two miles southeast of College Mound, and is described as "rather small of size, can get about the house and go out in the yard, sit at the table and eat without help." He was not a solder in the war of 1812—being too old to perform military duty at that time. He drank a good deal of whisky in his early days, but finding that the habit was growing on him, abandoned it, and has been a teetotaler ever since. He has chewed tobacco for sixty years, and "does not think it hurts him." He does not know when he was born, as the family record was lost long ago; but, putting this and that together, it is made out that he first saw light in the year 1766 in Randolph county, North Carolina, moved with his father to Kentucky at an early day, and came from that State to Missouri in 1830. He has been married twice and had sixteen children, twelve of whom are living. He has 150 direct descendants, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. —*St. Louis Republican.*

The following is said to be a good substitute for matches where it would be unsafe to use them. In a vial of clear, white glass, put a piece of phosphorous about the size of a pea. Fill the vial one-third full of boiling hot olive oil, and then cork it tightly. When a light is required, remove the cork a moment and then recork the vial. The empty space in the vial will become luminous. The process can be repeated as often as desired.

Dakota, is is said, is the only Territory that yields revenue to the Post-office Department.

Wonders of the Pawn-Shop.

The following is from a *Star* reporter's interview with a Washington pawnbroker:

"There," he said, leading the way into a little crowded side office off from the main room and placing his hand on the combination of an immense iron safe, "there is something valuable. That would interest you. You like jewelry—old jewelry? There are valuables representing many hundred thousand dollars in that safe. I have four safes altogether, but this contains the most valuables. Time-lock, see?" And he swung the huge iron doors open. What a sight! A miser might have fallen on his knees, and, running his arms up to the elbows into jewels and gold, and have died of joy. There were at least two bushels of handsomely set rings, bracelets, brooches, diamond studs, pins and gold watches, some of old and some of new design. Some of the diamonds and other precious stones were exquisite. There were diamond rings of antique and curious pattern, and there were settings of rubies, carbuncles and other precious stones. There was one ring set with a cluster of very large diamonds which filled the reporter's finger up to the first joint and was so heavy as to be uncomfortable. There was a jeweled necklace of hammered gold, which was worn by one of the favorites in the court of Louis XIV., and a pair of Etruscan gold ear-rings of filmy texture more than two inches long, which were once worn by an empress. So the proprietor of the "shop" assured the *Star* man, and their appearance bore out his statement. Then there were many, many old gold watches, some of them very curious. There was one little hunting-case watch of hammered gold, hand made, not more than an inch and a quarter in diameter and about as thick one way as the other, a unique and curious little thing, which the *Star* man was assured belonged to Martha Washington, having been made a present to her by some notable in England. In another safe were collected trinkets in still greater quantities, but of less value. Hundreds of silver watches were thrown together in heaps with silver spoons, mugs and drinking cups, some of unique pattern. In yet another safe was a collection of George Washington's plate—a full silver dinner set, very heavy, with the letter "W" engraved upon each piece—and a very large drinking cup marked "B. W.," which belonged to Bushrod Washington. This "Washington silver," the proprietor told the *Star* man, he held in pledge for $150 loaned to the lady who owns it, an heir of the Washington family. Its intrinsic value, he says, is about $300, but its value by association is of course much greater. There was also in one of the safes an immense Bible on vellum, giving the scriptures in twelve different languages. It is several hundred years old. The clasps are of heavy parchment or leather.

Robbers Thwarted by an Engineer.

A recent issue of the Albuquerque (New Mexico) *Journal*, says: From H. D. Fergusson, Esq., who came up from the South on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe passenger train Friday night, we learn of one of the most dastardly attempts at train wrecking and robbery that has ever been known in the Southwest. Mr. Fergusson tells the thrilling story with all the vim and feeling of one who was present when the affair occurred. He said: "Just after train No. 102 left Socorro, with J. D. Hedrick as conductor and James Skuse as engineer, and when it gone perhaps two miles, the train stopped, but almost immediately started up again with a tremendous jerk. After this jerk a promiscuous firing began from both sides of the track, but the train kept moving on faster and faster. All the passengers, of course, got down between the seats, and it looked for a while like a prayer meeting. About fifty shots were fired. Every car in the train was hit and many of the windows broken. The conductor, who stepped out on the platform, came near being killed. One bullet passed through a sleeping car window over the heads of two ladies, and was flattened on the opposite side of the car."

The story of the affair was told Mr. Fergusson by the engineer when they arrived at the next station. Said the engineer: "I saw ahead of me an obstruction on the right side, which consisted of a pile of stones fully twelve inches above the track. I stopped, of course, and then told the fireman to get down and remove the stones. It was moonlight, so that I could see plainly. At the moment I stopped I saw three men jump from behind a clump of trees, and pointing their guns at me, they said 'Stop! We want you. We've got you.' Quick as lightning I saw our predicament, and decided what to do. I told them 'All right, don't shoot,' and then to the fireman, 'Drop down.' I gave the throttle a jerk wide open and dropped down myself. As I jerked they fired into the cab. I didn't know whether we should jump the track or not, but I wasn't going to have my passengers robbed. The obstruction damaged the cow-catcher considerably. I saw three men on my right, two on my left, and one on horseback."

The passengers, after realizing the great danger through which they had passed, and the daring but splendid presence of mind and the bravery and decision of the heroic engineer, made up a purse and presented it to him as a token of their appreciation, and nearly all thanked him personally for risking his own life to save his passengers from robbery. It was a splendid act, and James Skuse will go down to history as a real hero.

"Yes."

A little rain, the sun again, a shadow; a summer day, some new-mown hay, a meadow.

A girlish face, a matchless grace, and beauty; we spend the day, in making hay, sweet duty.

Some fading flowers, some happy hours, but fleeting; a week of rain, and then again a meeting.

One quick sky look, a rippling brook, some clover; a sky of gold, the story told, a lover.

A fair, sweet maid, a short word said; what is it? I try my fate, and not too late to miss it.

The years have gone, and still loves on that love; he loves always, as days and days pass over.

A loving wife, a long, long life together, have made him bless that shy sweet "Yes" forever.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Philadelphia *Clinical Record* says that three women and one man have visited Dr. Pancoast for the purpose of having their toes cut off, in order to make their feet smaller.

Motto of the housekeeper who buys at market—"Measures, not men."—*Call.*

VICTIMS OF SPECULATION.

HOW THEY ARE DRAWN INTO THE MAELSTROM.

Human Nature and the Stock Market—Gamblers in Stocks and Their Peculiarities—Speculators' Omens.

"There's a better opportunity to study human nature on Third street than almost anywhere else," said a member of the firm of L. H. Taylor & Co., yesterday. "The most experienced operator on the street meets with surprises in his rough estimate of different men daily. Stock speculating is utterly different from any other pursuit, and it brings to the surface the stuff men are made of. If moral courage was divorced from stock speculating more men would lose fortunes than is the case.

"It requires courage to dabble in stocks. The man who makes a venture on a hundred shares of a doubtful stock and regrets it two or three minutes afterward will never be a successful speculator. It's the man who isn't afraid that comes out ahead. Some men when they make their first venture and lose are afraid to follow it up and retire after a brief and expensive experience.

"Some men won't buy stocks on a Monday; others are afraid of Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday, and a good many will hardly go near a ticker on Friday. Others, again, can't be induced to buy on a rainy day. One of the best known newspaper men in Philadelphia used to hold his watch in his hand and buy at fourteen minutes of eleven o'clock, for instance, and sell at eleven minutes after twelve. In three days he had lost all the cash he had. Some men have certain hours in the day when they buy and certain hours for selling. There are thousands of superstitions; and yet the men who dabble in stocks are intelligent men.

"Frequently the men who do not look overly bright are the shrewdest. Some bright looking man will get the report of a railroad and study it carefully and then begin to speculate with the stock.

Now, he's not the successful speculator. There's no system. No science in speculation. It requires knowledge to be sure. That generally has to be bought and paid for. The man who studies the crops and knows how many thousand bushels of corn and oats are produced throughout the country and studies the fluctuations of different stocks is what is called a good speculator."

"Beginners generally buy a hundred shares of some stock on margin," said Charles Wray, of the firm of Fell, Wray & Co. "If they make money on their first venture they become reckless and buy stocks promiscuously and, as a rule, come out at the little end of the horn. The novice on the street generally makes his first investment through hearing of some lucky hit a friend has made. Of course he never hears of his friend's losses. The friend never tells about them. It's only when he makes a hundred or two that he tells his friends, and that generally results in some one of them making an investment.

"About the men who are wrecked through speculation, the stories are exaggerated very greatly. There are failures in every business. The only difference between the speculator who loses and the storekeeper who fails is that the speculator loses his pile quicker. What the speculator loses eventually goes into the coffers of the big operators like Vanderbilt and Gould. The man who takes the quick profit makes the money. The man who holds on, hoping for a bigger rise, loses, as a rule, in the end. I remember a grocery clerk who was discharged from a large wholesale house in this city. He had $1,500 and went right on the street and begun selling Northern Pacific preferred short. He kept it up for six or seven months and then stopped short, worth nearly $100,000. Not long ago he went abroad to see the world.

"He'll come back again after he's spent say $15,000," went on the broker, and he'll be back on the street. Nine chances out of ten he'll use all he's made. The great wise man is he who knows when to stop. But I know of hardly any instances where men let well enough alone.

"Gamblers who win at cards, invariably lose at stock speculating, and yet they are nervy as a rule. I know of many instances where large pots won at poker found their way a few hours later on Third street, and that was the last the gambler would see of the money. Some gamblers are successful, but not many.

"Politicians are great speculators, but taken as a whole they're not successful. Several well-known leaders have made strikes on Third street, but they didn't stop. They went ahead the next day and left it all and a little more. There are not many men on the street now who do nothing but speculate in stocks. Nearly all the speculators are merchants and business men, who want to make a little something outside.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Plants as Purifiers.

Dr. James Evans, in a paper read before the South Carolina Medical association, says that the net work of fine fibrous roots of trees and plants traversing the soil in every direction feed on the organic matter which would otherwise undergo decomposition, and pollute the soil, air, and surface water. The vegetation also absorbs any excess of moisture, and drains the soil. This is no doubt true, but it is very difficult to so manage plant culture that there should neither be too many nor too few about our dwellings. The exhalations of trees and smaller plants may aid greatly in dispersing moisture, but it is also true that shade arrests evaporation and keeps the soil moist for a much longer time than when it is exposed to light and the direct rays of the sun. Plants and trees are no doubt great purifiers, but the jungles of India and the swamps of Africa are not healthly localities, although vegetation in great variety abounds, and in the utmost profusion.—*New York Sun.*

Epitaph on Webster's Horse.

Daniel Webster once had a favorite horse, called Steamboat, remarkable for speed as a roadster. At his death Fletcher Webster had him buried on "Gotham hill," at Marshfield, and a stone erected to perpetuate his memory. The crest on the stone is a horse's head, and underneath is inscribed the following epitaph:

Hic jacet
Equus celiberrimus
DANIEL WEBSTER'S
Steamboat Vocatus,
Obliit Nov. 3, 1838.

"Siste, viator, major te viator hic siste."

This epitaph, translated, is as follows: "Here lies Daniel Webster's celebrated horse, called Steamboat, died Nov. 3, 1838. Stop, traveler; a greater traveler than you stops here."—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

There is a strange sweet solace in the thought
That all the woes we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or no,
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
After a little while.

No mortal roaming, but hath certain end;
Though far unto the ocean spaces gray
We sail and sail, without a chart or friend,
Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
There looms at last the one enchanted isle,
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast
With more of anguish than the heart can bear
Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
Even love passes us by with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
Or lonely forest aisle—

And contemplate the never-ceasing change,
Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
Till bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
After a little while.

—*Golden Hours.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The "palmy" days evidently refer to childhood.—*Somerville Journal.*

The plumber may not be a musician, but he often plays on the pipes.—*Boston Star.*

Dr. Tanner is giving his starvation theory a thorough test. He lives in a Chicago boarding-house.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A man may successfully paint the town red, but when afterward he has a brush with a policeman he loses color.—*New York Journal.*

"One glass sometimes make a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of applejack twisted his legs in a bow knot.—*New York Journal.*

Newspaper reporters will always be found fault with until they can write up an account of a street fight that will please the man who gets licked.—*Picayune.*

One single oyster will produce 128,000,000 young oysters in the course of a year. It must give an oyster some anxiety to look after his family.—*Boston Post.*

A Pensacola man who went out to fish for sharks about four weeks ago, is supposed to have caught one, and he has not been seen since. Inquire inside.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are opposed to the use of slang, then, Jennie?" he said. "Well, I should twitter!" she replied, and then he knew that he must not use slang any more in her presence.—*Somerville Journal.*

She accepted his fond attentions,
While the ice cream season held,
But now his name never mentions,
Not liking oysters shelled.
—*Attleboro (Mass) Advocate.*

It is said that American babies swallow 1,500 thimbles annually. This may account for the surprising amount

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 3, 1884.

—Prof. Charles E. Taylor is the recently elected President of Wake Forest College.

—We are pleased to see that the publication of the Baltimore *Evening Day* has been resumed.

—The reader is referred to the prospectus of the well and favorable known New York *Herald*.

—At a Methodist Sunday School celebration in Baltimore on Sunday last, it is said 25,000 children participated.

—At the recent annual meeting of the stockholders of the Richmand & Danville Railroad Co., Col. A. S. Buford was elected President.

—The freight rates of our great trunk lines have been advanced, but this will have no effect on the price of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which is sold at the old price of 25 cents a bottle.

—German independent citizens of New York celebrated the election of Cleveland and Hendricks by holding a jubilee festival at Beethoven Hall, and five hundred kegs of beer were emptied.

—It is said to be a fact that in the great monument erected to George Washington his name does not occur once. The men who were chiefly instrumental in raising it, including engineer, &c., are named. Then in whose honor is this big pile of stone reared?—*Star*.

—*Harper's Weekly* Christmas number, has a beautiful cover of artistic designs, printed in colors, is beautifully and profusely illustrated, with a supplement of a large map of New Orleans, showing the Exposition Park, &c. It is appropriate to the season throughout, and a gem of its kind.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED ILLUSTRATED.—Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The following additional information will no doubt be interesting to our readers of last week:

The site was selected by Washington himself in 1795 as the site for a memorial in stone to commemorate the revolutionary war, but the design was never carried out. The monument was proposed in Congress about Christmas, 1799, within a few days of Washington's death, but in deference to the wishes of his family, who wished his remains to rest at Mt. Vernon, the scheme was abandoned until 1835, when the Washington Monument Society was organized. Having raised a considerable sum of money, they begun the excavation for the foundation May 24, 1848. The corner-stone was laid July 4, 1848. The work then went on until 1856, when it was suspended, and nothing more was done to it until 1876, when Congress made an appropriation for its completion.

N. C. AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, N. C.

The following letter has been handed in for publication and explains itself:

I have now supplied tenant farmers to every land owner who has listed farms with us and take this means of trying to find places for these people who seem very anxious to settle in our State. Please allow any of your friends, who have farms to rent to correspond with some of the gentlemen. If you desire any of them to come out, I can furnish reduced rates of transportation.

I can also furnish names of persons who desire to purchase lands. In writing for names give the description of your lands improvements, etc., so I can send you such as want to purchase the quality and quantity of property you have for sale.

Yours truly,
JNO. T. PATRICK.

Those of our readers desiring to secure tenant farmers to cultivate their land on shares can by addressing J. T. Patrick, State Agent of Immigration, receive the names of northern farmers who desire to rent farms in the State. These farmers have the means to furnish their provisions for the first year, and therefore are no expense to the land owner. They require comfortable houses.

—Last Sunday the New York *Herald* published a list of nearly seven hundred divorce cases pending in the courts of Chicago. Yesterday it printed the names of parties to more than seven hundred suits on the dockets of the Philadelphia courts, and also gave a similar catalogue for New York city, but its length is insignificant compared with that of the others.

"Fourteen hundred applications for divorce pending in two cities," says the *Herald* "is a startling fact, whose announcement is well calculated to arrest public attention."

The Methodist Centenary.

In the year 1878 the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, then in session at Atlanta, Ga., called attention in a series of resolutions to the fact that American Methodism was organized in Baltimore in December, 1784, and made arrangements for calling a Centennial Conference at that place about Christmas, 1884. Subsequent conferences, both North and South, have completed those arrangements, and from the 9th to the 17th inst., the Convention will be held in Baltimore, in the Mount Vernon Place Church, corner of Charles and Monumental streets.

The wonderful growth of Methodism, which, though started in England and Ireland by the Wesleys, was immediately transplanted to America, has been as phenominal as the growth of the American nation itself.

Starting in the United States with about sixty chapels in 1784, and a membership of about twenty thousand in 1786, just twenty years after the first preaching of the Wesleys in England, there are now in the United States about four million Methodists, with 23,000 churches and property worth about $74.000,000. The whole Methodist population is estimated at about twenty-five and a half millions.

The following figures are for 1883 and embrace both Canada and the United States:

Episcopal Methodists in the United States in 1883: Itinerant preachers, 23 899. (in 1784, 83); local preachers, 33,001; lay members, 3,806.741, (in 1784, 14,988). Non-episcopal Methodists in the United States in 1883; Itinerant preachers, 1,940; local preachers, 1.763; lay memcers, 188,679. Total Methodists in the United States: Itinerant preachers, 25,839; local preachers, 34.714; lay members, 3,993,820. Methodists in Canada in 1883: Itinerant preachers, 1,688; local preachers, 1,979; lay members, 171,903. Total number of Methodists in the world in 1883: Itinerant preachers, 33,385, (in 1784, 197); local preachers, 77,935; lay members, 5,074,564, (in 1784, 49,218); total Methodist population or community, 25,489,745.

Western Conference of the Lutheran Synod.

The Western Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod in North Carolina met in Cold Water church, Cabarrus county, November 28, 1884, with a good attendance of ministers and lay delegates.

Speaking on mission work, Rev. Prof. Shaeffer, who was present from the Middle Conference, wished this body to remember that the strength of the Lutheran Church in the United States is not in North Carolina, but mainly in the Northern and Western States. One can stand on a certain bridge, which he designated, and point to ten live Lutheran churches, all in sight from the bridge.

The next fifth Sunday of the month being Palm Sunday, when Lutheran ministers wish to be with their own congregations, Conference decided to meet again on Friday before the fourth Sunday in next March.

Place of next meeting Trinity Lutheran church, Cabarrus county.

LIBERTY BAPTIST UNION.—We learn from the Lexington *Dispatch*, that at the recent Baptist Union meeting, it was agreed that Kernersville, Oak Hill and Rich Fork should receive special attention, and that Piney Grove and Wiley's Grove, should be kept up as mission points in the association.

A resolution endorsing Rev. D. C. Culbreth as agent for Bibles and general literature, and recommending him to the churches, was adopted. Mr. Culbreth will give his attention to the distribution of Bibles, song books, etc,, and will preach at destitute points, which is in the line of general christian work, rather than denominational.

The next meeting will be held at Abbott's Creek, beginning on Friday before the fifth Sabbath in March.

—It is said that a shoemaker in Wytheville, Va., recently wrote to President-elect Cleveland, asking him to send his measure for a pair of boots to wear on the occasion of his inauguration. The President responded in a very polite letter, thanking him for his kindness, and enclosing him a crisp twenty-dollar bill with his measure. The money was returned by the patriotic shoemaker, but the President insisted on his receiving it, telling him that he would appreciate the boots just as much, and that he preferred paying for them, and adding that he would certainly wear the boots on the day of the inauguration.

—It is said that a copy of the electoral returns from each State casting its votes for Cleveland has been quietly forwarded as a matter of precaution against fraud to the speaker of the House. The distrust manifested by such a proceeding speaks in terms of strong condemnation against the managing politicians of the Republican party. To do his full duty in the matter Senator Edmunds, the president of the Senate, has had a large safe purchased and placed in the Vice-president's room in the capitol and has deposited there the certificates of the votes. The room is locked and a member of the capital police—a Democrat—Mr. Florence, of Georgia, does sentry duty at the door. The selection of a Democrat was made at Senator Edmunds' special request. If anything happens to those certificates Edmunds wants the world to know that he took every reasonable precaution against it.—*Ex.*

—Mr. R. Z. Linney, of Alexander, met the directory of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad Company at Columbia, Wednesday, and informing them that the extension of the Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio Railroad from Statesville to Taylorsville had been graded, proposed to them to cross-tie it and give it to them if they would iron, equip and operate it. The directors by a unanimous vote accepted the proposition and engaged to have the road to Taylorsville in running order within a year.—*Statesville Landmark.*

—Here are the facts concerning the terrible epidemic in Kentucky and West Virginia, as brought out by the Health Board Conference in session in Washington:

The disease was really epidemic dysentery caused by malarial poison and many patients died because the people did not believe in doctors and called them, if at all, too late. The total number of deaths did not exceed 225. In Kentucky the people were deeply aggrieved by the publication of the exaggerated reports of the disease.

Coughing Clara.—Comely, charming Clarissa Clendenning, carelessly catching cold; creeping chills came; Clara coughed continually; cruel, croupy cough, that would have taken her off, had she not used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is bound to cure all the coughing Claras.

—Mr. Barker, an ex-clerk of the treasury department, in a letter to the Springer committee, makes charges so grave, and yet so circumstantial, as to the corruption existing in the bureaus of the treasury department as to justify the demand of Mr. Hendricks that the people should get a look at the books. Investigations into the matter are now in progress.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for December contains not only a great deal of good Christmas literature, but many other well-written and interesting articles on various subjects. "Santiago," "An Old Port and Bit of Shore," "A Canterbury Pilgrimage," and "The Angelic Painter," will repay reading; and the household suggestions are eminently practical and useful. The illustrations are numerous, among which is a fine photogravure of the "Mater Dolorosa" of Dolci. For 1885, we are promised a serial by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and another by Mr. Charles Barnard, as well as many new and interesting features. See prospectus.

—The World's Exposition at New Orleans was opened on Tuesday at noon. The President of the United States, in the presence of high officers in the government, some members of Congress, and other distinguished persons, twitched an electric button in the White House at Washington, which set the machinery in New Orleans in motion.

Mexico and all the Central American States, the principal European countries, and of course every State in the Union, are represented.

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NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator, according to law on the estate of Adam Butner, deceased, I hereby give general notice to all creditors of said estate, to present their claims properly authenticated, before the 1st day of October, 1885, otherwise, this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. Persons indebted to the estate are respectfully requested to make payment immediately.

JAS. A. BUTNER, Adm'r,
Oct. 1st, 1884.

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Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills) by mail, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa Sold by Druggists.

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THE Cedar Cove Nursery Catalogue representing the largest, lowest priced first-class stock in the country will be sent to all who will write for one. It contains the largest list of apple, peach, pear, cherry, grape, strawberry and all other desirable fruits with descriptions. Orders solicited and promptly filled after October
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Winston, N. C., Nov. 13th, 1884.—4w

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FOR
YOUNG FOLKS.

ATTRACTIONS FOR 1884–5.

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The magazine, during its eleven happy years of existence, under the editorial charge of

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has grown familiar to hundreds of thousands of young readers; and their interest and intelligent enjoyment have constantly inspired the editor and publishers to fresh effort. To-day its strength is in its wholesome growth, its sympathy with young life, its hearty recognition of the movement of events, and its steadily increasing literary and pictorial resources. The following are some of the good things already secured for future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

"His Own Fault," a serial story for boys, by the popular author, J. T. Trowbridge.

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"Historic Girls," a companion series to "Historic Boys." By E. S. Brooks.

"Ready for Business": suggestions to boys about to choose an occupation,—based on personal interviews with prominent representatives of various trades and professions. By G. J. Manson.

"Driven Back to Eden," a serial. By E. P. Roe.

"Talks to Young Folks," a series of popular papers, by H. H. (Helen Jackson).

"Among the Law-makers,": recollections of a boy-page in the U. S. Senate,—containing much political information, both instructive and amusing. By Edmund Alton.

"Davy and the Goblin," a very funny serial story by a new writer, Chas. Carryl.

Short Stories by Louisa M. Alcott.

"The Progress of Invention": "From Palanquin to Parlor-car," "From Cross-bow to 100-ton Gun," etc. Descriptive papers, by Chas. E. Bolton.

"Art Work for Young Folks": papers on decorative handicraft, by Chas. G. Leland.

"Sheep or Silver?" a story of Texan life. By the late Rev. William M. Baker.

"A Garden of Girls," being six short stories for girls, by Six Leading Writers.

"Tales of Two Continents": stories of adventure, by H. H. Boyesen.

"Cartoons for Boys and Girls," funny pictures, by St. Nicholas Artists.

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FALL AND WINTER, 1884.

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We are now receiving our second

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which is the most complete we have ever had and consist partly of

200 cases Boots and Shoes, 50 cases Hats and Caps, 15 cases Prints, 10 cases Bleached and fine Brown Domestics, 8 cases Dress Goods, 4 cases Linseys, 10 cases Jeans, 6 cases Flannels, 50 cases Notions and Hosiery, 5 cases shirts, 3 bales Ticking, 50 bales Plaids, 50 bales Arista and Cedar Falls Sheeting, 3 bales heavy Drilling, 300 Shawls and Cloaks, 100 Overcoats, 100 pieces Table oil Cloths, 600 Suits Clothing, 50 bales Farmer's Tobacco Muslin, 100 barrels Sugar, 100 Bags Coffee, 250 Kegs Nails, 25 Kegs Horse and Mule Shoes, 50 dozen Shovels, Spades and Forks, 50 dozen Manil's Axes, 3000 lbs. Sole Leather, 500 Sacks Salt, 50 barrels Syrup, 25 barrels Fish, 50 barrels Oil, Paints, Drugs, Tinware, Wooden Ware, Rope, full stock of Hardware, Saws, Hammers, Hatchets, Hinges, Screws, Locks, Cutlery, and other staple Hardware, Ralph's Snuff, Gail & Ax's Snuff.

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One car load of

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

the best made.

Also thousands of other things which we cannot here enumerate. Notwithstanding the hard times we have done more business this year than ever before and hope to merit a continuance of our present patronage, and ask of those who have not been trading with us an examination of our stock and prices and comparison with prices asked anywhere else for same goods.

Yours very truly,
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Retail Department

Our Ladies Department is in the hands of competent young ladies. We cordially invite the ladies of both towns and the surrounding country to call and examine and compare our goods and prices with those of any house here. We have facilities unsurpassed by any house and can sell you goods as low or lower than any one here or anywhere else. We have a full stock of fresh seasonable goods, such as

Black and Brown Silk, Black Cashmeres, Colored Cashmeres, Plain and Fancy Worsted Dress Goods, Gilbert Dress Flannels, Sack Flannels, assorted colors, Red, white, blue and grey Flannels, Colored and white Cotton Flannels, Merino Underwear, Ladies, Misses and Children's Hoods, Ladies Cloaks and Shawls, " Jerseys, " Waterproof Cloaking, Ladies, Misses and Children's fine, medium, and cheap Hosiery, Prints, Cretones, Furniture Prints, Shelf and Table Oil Cloth, Ladies Felt and Velveteen Skirts, Silk Fringe, Silk Velvets, Velveteen, Trimming Silk, Ribbons, Buttons, Ornaments and a great variety of Dress Trimmings, Gloves, Corsets, corset Steels, Belts, Collars, Cuffs, Combs, Brushes, Handkerchiefs, and Ties, Satchels, colored and white Table Cloths, and Napkins to match, Towels, crash, 3-4 and 10-4 brown and bleached Domestic, Fancy Toilet Soaps and Perfumery, Lonsdale Cambrics, bleached and unbleached Domestics, White Bed Blankets and Counterpanes, very cheap, Rubber Cloaks and Overshoes, T. Miles' sons Philadelphia hand made Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Children, Quilts and Comforts and Lindsays.

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Sugars direct from the Refineries. Coffees direct from the Importers. Black and Green Tea, fine medium and cheap Syrups, Roasted Coffee, Spices, Soda, Mackerel, Meat, Flour, Bran, Lard, Corn, Oats, Rye, Wheat.

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We have always carried a good stock of Boots and Shoes but have never had so complete a stock as we now have.

Our $2.50 man's whole stock saddle seam Boot is the best boot for the money in the market.

Our 2.75 Farmer's kip Dress Boot is unequaled.

Boys Youth's and Children's Boots in great variety.

T. Miles' Sons Philadelphia hand made fine Shoes are the best and cheapest on the market.

We have an immense stock of the celebrated Bay State Boots and Shoes, both fine and medium. Prices low and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Rubber Overshoes lower than ever before.

300 Suits Clothing and 100 Overcoats.

Globe Shirts, laundred and unlaundred, the best Shirt made, 75c. and $1.

½ Hose from 5 cts. to $1. Suspenders 15 cts. to $1.25. Men's white and red merino Shirts and Drawers, 40 cts. to $2 each. Collars, Cravats and Ties in great variety, Cloths, Cashmeres, Jeans, Hickory Shirting, Drilling, Cost and Vest Trimmings, Men's and Boys Gloves and Hats from 25 cts. to $6. Elegant stock of newest styles.

SUNDRIES.

Lewis white Lead, Red lead, Linseed oil, Horse and Cattle Powders, Drug and Patent Medicines, Cedar and Painted Buckets, Tubs, Well Buckets, Kegs, cotton, sisel and jute Rope, Brooms, wisp Brooms, Feather Dusters, Trunks, Satchels, Umbrellas, Pocket Books, Buck Purses, Holmes' Readers, McGuffey's Readers, Davies' old school Arithmetic, Emerson's Arithmetic, Webster's Primary Dictionaries, Webster's Spellers, Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Draft, Note and Receipt Books, Legal Cap, Fools Cap, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Copy Books, Slates, Pencils, Pens, Ink Pen Holders, Crayons, Photograph Albums, Mouth Harps, Jews Harps, Horse Blankets, heavy colored Blankets, Lap Robes, Snuff, Tobacco, 125,000 yards Tobacco Plant Bed Muslin.

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We continue to sell the Star Brand Guano for Wheat, Oats, Corn and Cotton, Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure, for the Tobacco crop. No fertilizers ever sold here have been able to compete successfully with them. We refer every farmer to his own experience and to his neighbors.

The best Clover, Sapling Clover, Orchard Grass, Timothy, Herd's Grass, and Kentucky Blue Grass seed on hand at all times at lowest prices.

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built up our trade until now it is second to the business of no house in North-Western North Carolina. We have endeavored to give each and every one good honest goods at

THE LOWEST PRICES

for which we can buy and sell them and make a living profit. Our business being large we have advantages in buying that few houses in the State have and we divide these advantages with our customers. With facilities not equalled, a new stock unsurpassed, we hope and expect, by following the course pursued by us heretofore, to continue to increase our business.

Thanking our friends and customers for past patronage and asking all to

COME AND SEE US

when in want of anything, we remain

Yours Very Truly,
HINSHAW & B

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves Salem,		6.00 a. m.
" 10 Arrives	"	11.38 a. m.
" 11 Leaves	"	5.10 p. m.
" 12 Arrives	"	11.57 a. m.

—New lamp in the Public Square.

—E. E. Gray and lady have returned from their bridal tour.

—A. J. Snider, (Sandy) has been very sick with pneumonia, but is better.

—Rev. Joseph Miller has been very sick with pneumonia, but is convalescent.

—The ladies of the M. E. Church, Winston, realized some $300 at their recent festival.

—CHILDREN'S SUITS,
CHILDREN'S SUITS,
all AGES and PRICES, at the *Baltimore Clothing House* (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

—Good rain Saturday night and Sunday. Weather now cold with frosty mornings.

—Capt. D. P. Mast has returned from attending the funeral of his sister, Mrs. S. E. Webb, in Caldwell county.

—E. A. Boner and family arrived here last week from Ashe county. Regret to learn that Mr. Boner is in feeble health.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, the popular pastor of the Baptist church, has completed the 7th year of his pastoral labors in Winston.

—OVERCOATS!!
OVERCOATS!!
all SHADES and PRICES for the Children at the *Baltimore Clothing House*, (Granite Front), Winston, N. C.

—N. T. Shore & Co., have some Rutabaga turnips from Michigan. They are a sweeter turnip than those raised around here, the largest one weighing 8 pounds.

HEAVY HOGS.—P. H Hanes' hogs weighing 1,821½ pounds. The heaviest weighed 525 pounds, 16 months old. The others were 14 months old.

Andrew Gilliam's hog weighed 455 pounds. John Peddicord, killed — 10 months old, averaging 224 pounds.

ESCAPED.—Cal. Tucker, the negro who robbed Dr. Taylor's drug store in Mt. Airy, last September and who was tried and convicted and sent to the penitentiary in October, made his escape from the gaurd a few days ago. Look out for him. He may be in this vicinity.—*Mt. Airy News.*

CHRISTMAS CONCERTS.—Salem Female Academy to-night, (Thursday) 7½ o'clock. Salem Home Sunday School, Chrismas day night. Elm Street Sunday School, Christmas day afternoon. Salem Boys' School, Friday December 19th, at 7½ o'clock. Eden Chapel Sunday School, Christmas Eve. Union Ridge Sunday School, Christmas day.

—Call and examine my line of FINE GENTS' FURNISHINGS, at the *Baltimore Clothing House*. (Granite Front,) Winston, N. C.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Dec 13th, 1884:

Lindsay Adams, Hugh Beason, Dennis Banner, Mrs Nellie Conn, Risdon Charles, Miss M. Fisher, W. M. Howell, Miss Zulia M. King, Mace Leach, Benton Murphy, Mrs J. D. Payton, Pierre Rien, Mrs. Florina Shoaf, Miss N. S Swaim, Levi Smith, William L. Swaim, Anna Williams, Peter Waugh, Jacob Yokely.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
MENS', YOUTHS' and BOYS'
CLOTHING
at the *Baltimore Clothing House*, (Granite Front,) Winston, N. C.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era.*

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY CIRCLE.—The Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle is a school at home—a school after school—a college for ones own house. It is for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction. It is for high school and college graduates,—for people who never entered either high school or college. It is for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy house keepers, farmer boys and for people of leisure. The books are entertaining and useful. The reading can be done at home. It is not *necessary* to join any circle. All information can be obtained by writing to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, New Jersey.

—The following is the report of Prof. A. I. Butner, Superintendent of Common Schools, to the County Commissioners, at their late meeting:

	white,	col.
No. Teachers Examined,	62	14
No. Schools,	54	19
No. Pupils Enrolled,	2,416	632
Average Attendance,	1,452	437
Average Length of School, weeks.	16	16½
Average Salary of Teachers per month.	$22.77	$20.42
No of Children in County between 6 and 21,	4,183	1,299
No. of School Districts,	56	19
No. of School Houses,	56	17
Value of School property,	$6,660	$2,020

Cards for Scrap Books cheap in lots!

We offer a number of fine Christmas, New Year and Easter Cards, in assorted lots, cheap for cash. The supply is limited.

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—The Academy Concert to-night will be in marked contrast with those of recent years, in that the young ladies of the Academy will appear as performers to a very large extent, and very creditably too. It is a marked characteristic of Prof. Agthe's method that he not only expects but exacts results, and this he accomplishes by an enthusiastic earnestness which inspires his pupils to do their very best. The choruses and trios will show this to-night. The vocal solos will be very good, and the instrumental selections interesting. The young ladies will certainly deserve a very hearty reception, for the faithful and enthusiastic efforts they have made in preparing for *their* concert. The introduction of recitations in the exercises will relieve the ear from any tedium that may arise from the excess of "the concord of sweet sounds" The Concert will be a most pleasing one, and we advise the fortunate holders of invitations to attend.

* * * * The fact that the best study, for the best purpose, is done after coming to manhood and womanhood, has been so far left out of sight, that science and philosophies which belong to mature life, have been crowded in upon the work of children. This folly, like other follies, gives way before experience. Of our own times, there is no sign more encouraging, than the arrangements of men and women for study. * * * Of such efforts the *Assembly at Chautauqua* (with its C. L. S. C.,) is remarkable for its range, its organization and its members.—*Rev. Edward Everett Hale.*

AMERICAN POETRY,
AMERICAN PROSE
GEMS FROM GREAT AUTHORS,
GEMS FROM THE POETS
all elegant Gift Books,
AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE.

Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle.

A large audience greeted the meeting of this interesting association for mutual pleasure and improvement. The beautiful Chautauqua Evening Hymn opened the exercises. An address by the President, Mr. Jas. T. Lineback followed, giving the object of the meeting and a brief synopsis of the work of this C. L. S. C., now numbering forty-eight. This class "Pansy" numbers over 8,000 in the United States.

It was "Milton evening," and of course selections from the works of the great poet were given.

One of the most pleasant and instructive features of the evening program was the brief but very comprehensive Lecture on Chemistry, given by Mr F. H. Fries, illustrating his remarks by several experiments with hydrogen and oxygen gasses, and showing the power of the two when united in their action on a piece of marble, producing what is known as the "Drummond Light."

Miss Lula Fries gave a pleasant song, "The Child of a King."

At the request of the President the society gave the "Blooming of the Lily Salute," to the next speaker in the person of Mr. E. A. Ebert, who responded with an interesting sketch of his summer excursion to Chautauqua, giving a good description of this beautiful spot and the interesting exercises of the Circle there.

Miss Gertie Jenkins gave a well prepared sketch of the life of Milton. Brief reviews were given on the works of Milton by several young ladies, followed by sketches of Milton's Works. Miss M. Butner gave an essay on "Il Penseroso," Miss E. Fisher "L'Allegro," Miss E. Cooper "Comus," Mr. E. Kern "Samson Agonistes," Mr. Chas. Keehln "Lycidas," Miss M. Brietz "Paradise Lost," and Miss M. A. Vogler "Paradise Regained." Illustrations from the above selections were read giving a very fair idea of the meaning of the author

The President then introduced Rev. Dr. Rondthaler, in which he alluded to the "interest" the worthy pastor took in the society, and especially in a good work among the young people. As Dr. R., came forward he was greeted with the "handkerchief salute." During the remarks Dr. R. alluded to the C. L. S. C., as "a great power, filling a great void," and that christian intelligence and piety advance together. He complimented Mr. Fries on his pleasant manner as a lecturer on Chemistry, and his success in experimenting. He alluded to the 5 great poets of the world who attained distinction, each leaving a vivid impress of the times in which he lived, viz: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Milton, the poet of the Reformation. He closed his remarks with words of cheer and encouragement to the officers and members of the Circle.

Pamphlets, containing the closing service, No. 1, were kindly distributed among the audience, and all were thus able to join in the service. The exercises were concluded with prayer by Dr. Rondthaler. To say we were delighted, would be seconded by all who were present and we hope the Circle will widen its influence from year to year. * *

—Prof. Harris' Pastilles for nervous debility, etc., are offered on *free trial*. Their failure causes no loss except to proprietors, who know their merit. Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MARRIED.

In Bethania, on Wednesday the 10th inst., by Rev. R. P. Lineback, Ex-Sheriff A. FOGLE to Miss MARY E. GRABBS. Our best wishes attend them.

At High Point, on Wednesday morning, Dec. 10, WILLIS B. VAIL, of Charlotte, to Miss MINNIE V. PERRY, daughter of S Perry.

DIED.

In this County, on Thursday, 11th inst., Mrs. CRISSIE SNIDER, wife of A. J. Snider, aged 69 years.

In this place, on the 2nd inst., at residence of Jno. M. Wimmer, Mrs. MARTHA M. VAUGHN, of Carroll Co., Va., aged 81 years.

ANNUAL EXHIBIT

Of Claims Audited and Allowed by the Board of Commissioners of Forsyth County, from the 1st Monday of December, 1883, to the 1st Monday of December, 1884, viz:

COUNTY CLAIMS.

Sol Chitty, for building bridge	13 70
F U Miller, " repairing "	6 35
Saml Whitt, sales for road,	6 60
H A Lewis, for services as Court Officer,	3 00
C S Spaugh, for services as Court officer,	6 00
J W Masten, for Jail fees, &c,	151 50
J C Conrad, for haul'g rods for bridge,	25
N S Cook, reimbursed cash paid out	4 50
C S Hauser, C S C, ½ fees in insolvent cases,	408 64
Clarke & Ford, window curtains for C H,	1 80
Fogle Bros, work in Cl'k's office,	187 55
M N Vogler, bolts for Bridge,	2 45
D G Walker, serv's as C'rt officer	15 00
R S Crews, " " "	13 50
T T Best, " " "	4 80
W G Bahnson, fees in 3 insolvent cases,	48 67
J C Bessent, fees in case of Quait & Boyd,	42 95
D P Mast, for services and fees as Clk of Board, 12 mos,	320 58
Wm Snider and C T Pope, for work on road,	120 00
Aug Rugga, for keeping C'rt H'se,	9 00
C H Hauser, for repairing bridge,	5 00
Brown, Rogers & Co, for washers,	50
Watson & Glenn, for printing in R. R suit,	22 25
J A Robinson, for pub Co Exh't,	15 90
Williamson & Corrie, for print'g,	10 00
R H Morris, for services as Court officer,	12 00
Mrs Hardie, for boarding Jury,	26 30
C S Hauser, C S C, for stationery, for 12 months,	33 60
C S Hanser, C S C, for fees in Inferior Court, due witnesses,	97 25
C S Hauser, C S C, for fees due Sheriff, &c, in insolvent cases,	244 96
P A Sprinkle, for services as assessor,	8 00
E C Dull, for bridge lumber,	53 77
H A Holder, for work at Jail,	6 00
E P Pfaff, for building bridge,	9 00
J C Holder, paid damages,	5 00
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest,	26 80
Brown, Rogers & Co, for hardware,	1 35
Miller Bros, for work in Register's office,	2 91
Jno H White, for ½ acre of land,	20 00
Alfred Shore, for services as officer of Grand Jury,	6 00
D G Walker, for services as C'rt officer,	6 00
J W Masten, for services and fees as Jailor,	268 39
R R Crawford, for hardware,	5 07
W M Robbins, for repair'g bridge,	5 20
Israel Lindsay, for haul'g brush,	1 75
Jesse Jones, " " "	1 25
R S Crews, for services as Court officer,	6 00
S W Poindexter, for bringing prisoner to Winston,	9 70
J S Spease, for hauling plank,	3 75
N S Cook, for services as com'r,	18 00
Wm Barrow, for hold'g inquest,	15 50
Dr Gray, for services at "	10 00
Aug Fogle, laying off homestead of D Morgan, &c,	5 00
E C Dull, for lumber,	26 81
E T Shultz, for repairing bridge,	55 50
Dr B J Sapp, for post morten examination of child,	10 00
Williamson & Corrie, for printing, &c,	4 80
Fogle Bros, for lumber for bridge,	3 33
W S Rempson, for work on Court House,	65
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest,	17 10
C S Hauser, C S C, for halt fees in Inferior Court,	322 81
T T Best, for per diem and mileage as commissioner,	22 50
C B Ziglar, for expenses incurred carrying A Tesh to Asylum,	48 00
J W Masten, for services and fees as Jailor,	26 10
Fogle Bros, for lumber, &c,	38 03
J A Gray, Sec & Treas, for ½ cost of rock for culvert,	10 00
J A Roberson, for assessing land	6 00
W B Stafford, for letting out contract to build bridge,	2 00
Dr R D Hay, for examining Abigail Tesh, lunatic,	5 00
Brown, Rogers & Co. nails, &c,	3 25
C H Hauser, for repair'g bridge,	1 00
Doc Coates for clearing off Court House Square,	8 00
C E Steiner, for keeping Court House Square,	10 00
A E Glasscock, for build'g bridge,	17 25
Dr C Kerner, for R R fare from Kernersville to Winston,	2 25
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, Mrs. Reed,	15 50
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, Elisha Stafford,	14 60
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, Nancy Dorothy,	14 30
Dr A H Webb, for examination at inquest of Mrs Reed,	10 00
Edwards, Broughton & Co, for Record for Register' office,	8 35
H A Holder, for building culvert through County lot,	332 62
R S Crews, for services as Court officer,	10 50
T M Butner and J H Kester, for guarding jail,	3 00
J Q A Barham, for sell'g jail lots,	15 00
D P Mast, for stationery and work in office,	4 80
C B Ziglar, for acting as Court cryer, May Term,	4 50
C B Stockton and J W Bradford, for guarding jail,	9 00
D G Walker, for serv's as Court crier,	8 40
H A Lewis, for services as officer of Grand Juay,	9 00
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, Emma Fries,	15 20
Wm Barrow, for burying Henry Swaim,	5 00
A E Conrad, for services as Financial Agent,	60 13
A E Conrad, for serv's as Comm'r,	48 60
Jno M Robinson, for horse and buggy to Best, Comm'r,	2 50
R R Crawford, for materials for bridge,	56 54
J W Masten, for services and fees as Jailor,	181 90
C S Hauser, C S C, for ¼ fees due Sdlicitor, &c,	335 26
D A Spaugh, for horse to Cook, Commissioner,	62
J F Miller, for lumber for Jones' bridge,	79 72
H R Lehman, for listing taxes,	12 00
J N Anderson, " " "	16 00
E P Pfaff, for repairing Jones' Bridge,	63 15
S A Oehman, for repairing Jones' Bridge,	39 37
J L Phipps, for listing taxes,	14 00
J P Binkley, " " "	12 00
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, Mrs Reed,	19 40
R S Linville, for listing taxes,	16 00
Jno Boyer, for lumber for graveyard,	34 47
Chas Rothrock, for listing taxes,	23 00
R D Hay, for medical services,	36 00
N S Cook, for serv's as Comm'r,	18 00
Edwards, Broughton & Co., for binding tax books, &c,	4 00
H A Holder, for work on culvert,	7 00
V W Perry, for listing taxes,	24 00
J R Crawford, for building fence around County graveyard,	26 75
C H Hauser, for listing taxes,	20 00
T N Marshall, " " "	18 00
Wm H Null, for damages,	5 00
Jno Boyer, for listing taxes,	20 00
E L Reed, " " "	18 00
C E Steiner, for keeping Court House,	10 00
Brown, Rogers & Co, for h'rdware,	4 55
W W & C T Spainhour, for lumber and h'l'g for Jones' bridge,	32 85
T & E T Boose and E H Thomas, for building Pfaff bridge,	72 00
Jno Boyer, for lumber,	4 18
A C Snipes, for services and fees as Jailor,	76 80
P A Cox, for listing taxes,	18 00
N S Cook, " " "	94 00
N S Cook, for superintending building of graveyard fence,	5 00
C S Hauser, C S C, ½ fees in insolvent cases,	20 79
A E Conrad, for serv's as Com'r,	14 20
T T Best, " " "	21 00
N S Cook, " " "	8 00
Wm Barrow, for holding inquest, James Brown,	16 40
Dr R D Hay, for post mortem examination of Jas Brown,	10 00
J F Griffith for ½ mos salary in service of Forsyth Co Ex Com,	40 00
C B Ziglar, for services as court crier,	4 50
H A Lewis, for services as officer of Grand Jury,	4 50
J F Miller, for building bridge,	2 00
J F Pulliam, mileage as guard,	1 75
A C Snipes, for jail fees, &c,	145 50
C S Hauser, C S C, ½ fees due Sheriff, &c,	190 93
Fogle Bros, for work in C H	46 23
A Fogle, for services as Sheriff	224 73
Dr E Fulp, for examining Lunatic	5 00
J A Blum, for services as agent for County Exhibit,	150 00
Watson & Glenn, for fees in case of Co vs Stockholders 1st National Bank, Salem,	100 00
J A Blum, for expenses in Raleigh,	100 00
Cox, Parker & Co, for lumber for Poor House,	72 50
C L Marshall, for work at Poor House,	3 50
C J Walker, for work at Poor House,	16 56
W S Walker, for work at Poor House,	13 25
E Spaugh, for repairing wagon,	12 65
Brown, Rogers & Co, for Hardware for Poor House,	7 30
D P Mast, for C B C, making out tax Books, etc,	308 22
N S Cook, for superintending work for County,	6 81
H K Thomas, for superintending County Graveyard, etc,	11 00
Farrington & Whicker, for brick for Poor House,	2 00
Williamson & Corrie, for printing,	5 65
A C Snipes, for jail fees, etc,	137 40
J A Blum, for services manager County Exhibit,	35 00
A J Hauser, for making ballot boxes,	1 50
E P Paff, for material and work on bridge,	59 76
Williamson & Corrie, for Ink, etc,	1 00
Western Sentinel, for advertising	2 50
F R Oehman, for work on bridge,	15 75
Chas E Steiner, for keeping C H,	10 00
T T Best, for per diem and milage as Commissioner,	8 40
A C Snipes, for jail fees, etc,	131 35
J A Blum, for services as manager County Exhibit,	174 00
A E Conrad, for services as Commissioner,	15 60
N S Cook, for services as Commissioner,	10 00
Total	$7,044 38

OUTSIDE PAUPER CLAIMS.

Matt Alspaugh,	8 00
Mary Aldrige,	6 00
Maria Bumgarden, for child	9 00
Betsey Byerly,	3 00
Polly Brown,	8 00
Joshua Cox, for self and children	20 00
Jerry Conrad, attending and burying pauper	5 00
Nancy Conrad,	7 00
Rebecca Clodfelter,	1 00
Doc Coats, for board and attending Robt Hancock	12 50
Susan Clayton,	12 00
M J Chitty,	20 00
Vina Davis,	12 00
Lewis Clodfelter,	4 00
James Eudie, for wife,	12 00
Andrew Essick,	16 00
R Furguson and wife,	12 00
Pleas Foy,	16 50
Julius Flynn,	3 00
Jerry Foy temporary aid,	2 00
H E Fries, for Calvin Wren's family,	5 00
James Fries,	3 00
J W Goslen, for the use of —— Hancock,	5 00
Elizabeth Holt,	20 00
Lucy Holt,	16 00
Polly Hairston,	6 00
Juriah Ham,	20 00
Eva Hairston,	12 00
Irene Hege,	12 00
Dr R D Hay, services as County physician,	30 50
Mary Hamilton,	12 00
Sarah Hairston,	8 00
Henry Hairston,	2 00
J S Hege,	4 00
Thos Johnson,	12 00
Vina Johnson,	12 59
Lottie Knowles for Grandchild,	3 00
Chas Knott,	11 00
Rebecca Lumly,	2 00
Sallie Long,	8 00
Hasten Lewis,	9 00
Susan Lovett,	6 00
Susan Lumly, for taking care of Sarah Lumly,	5 00
Sarah Lumly,	4 00
Delilah Lomond, for keeping Jos. Powers,	5 00
Octavia Morris,	36 00
Jesse Mitchell, for burying pauper,	1 50
Wm Mitchell,	12 00
Clement McGee,	11 00
Melvina Marshall,	2 00
W O K Martin,	6 00
Evan McKnight, allowance as student at Blind Asylum,	25 00
J W Peoples,	22 00
Wm Powell,	3 00
Sallie A Peebles,	6 00
Amanda Rothrock,	20 00
Elizabeth Reitzell,	53 00
Elizabeth Roberts, for keeping Sallie Flynn,	5 00
Sylvia Shepperd,	12 00
Eliza Sisk, for use of son,	8 00
D A Spaugh, for provisions furnished pauper,	2 00
Jacob Thomas,	40 00
John Taylor,	40 00
Wm Webb,	12 00
Nellie Worrell,	9 00
Jane Wilson,	8 00
Martha Whisenhunt,	9 00
Leah Westmoreland,	8 00
Drury Watson and J Dean,	5 00
Jon Wimmer, Jr, for keeping Amanda Stephens,	5 00
Walter and Sallie Ballard,	15 00
Rachel Stultz,	16 00
W F Shultz, for paupes coffins,	54 50
J F Plunkett, for pauper coffins,	6 00
W & E Peterson, for pauper coffins,	3 00
Total	$804 09

POOR HOUSE CLAIMS.

Hodgin & Sullivan, for supplies,	684 94
A S Waggoner, salary as keeper of Poor House,	400 00
Dr R D Hay, for medical services and medicines,	36 20
V O Thompson, for medicines,	2 65
F Gerner & Co, for beef,	26 61
E W Ogburn, for beef and mutton,	2 95
J E Mickey, for corn, etc,	35 70
W J Cooper, for wheat and corn,	11 00
Gillum & Peddicord, for blacksmith work,	4 95
A H Gillum, for blacksmith work,	2 40
Total	$1,207 41

COUNTY REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1883--viz:

GENERAL COUNTY FUND.

Taxes of 22 cts, on property and ½ of Co, Capitation tax on poll,	9,240 29
Taxes under Schedule B, on merchants and others,	1,824 89
Taxes on marriage licenses,	184 70
Amount received in compromise and settlement of R. R. suit,	1,392 15
Amount received from Clerk of Superior Court,	27 55
Amount received from other sources,	4 40
Total	$12,673 98

DISBURSEMENTS.

County claims audited by the Board,	$7,044 38
Outside Pauper claims audited by the Board,	804 09
Poor House claims audited by the Board,	1,207 41
Jurors claims paid by County Treasurer,	1,062 65
Witness claims paid by County Treasurer,	61 69
Total	$10,180 22
Leaving a balance of over currrent expenses.	$2,493 76

I, D. P. Mast, clerk of the Board of County Commissioners of Forsyth County, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true "Exhibit" of the claims audited by the Board for the year ending December 1, 1884.

The Board of County Commissioners was in session 27 days, from 1st Monday in December, 1883 to 1st December, 1884; 8 of the above sessions were called meetings for special purposes, settling State and County and School funds with Sheriff, adjusting R. R. suit, revising Tax books, purging jury box, etc.

A E Conrad, chairman, was in attendance on Board 27 days at $2 per day,	54 00	
1 day extra services at Poor House,	2 00	
448 miles travel at 5c. per mile,	22 40	
		$78 40
T T Best, Commissioner, was in attendance on Board 27 days at $2 per day,	54 00	
42 miles travel at 5c. per mile,	2 10	
		$56 10
N S Cook, Commissioner, was in atttendance on Board 23 days at $2 per day,	46 00	
and 4 days extra services at $2 per day,	8 00	
		$54 00
D P Mast, clerk of Board, 27 days, services at $2 per day,		54 00
Total		$242 50

I, D. P. Mast, clerk of the Board of County Commissioners of Forsyth County, do hereby certify the foregoing statement to be true.

D. P. MAST, *Clerk*,
Board Co. Comm'rs.

SCHOOL FUND FOR 1883.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand as per last report,	$690 29
Received from State Treas,	935 85
Received general State and County Poll tax for 1883,	3,937 93
Received special County Poll tax for 1883,	145 87
Received general Property tax for 1883,	5,082 93
Received special Propertytax for 1883,	813 12
Received from Fines for 1883,	273 90
Received from Liquor Licenses for 1883,	272 06
Received from Auctioneers for 1883,	14 36
Received from other sources for 1883,	280 64
Total	$12,446 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Teachers of schools for whites,	$8,315 37
Paid Teachers of schools for colored,	1,640 87
Paid for school houses for whites,	464 69
Paid for school houses for colored,	175 35
Paid County Superintendent for services,	60 56
Paid Register of Deeds for services,	26 00
Paid Treasurer of Graded Schools,	79 75
Paid for other purposes,	32 00
Paid Treasurer's commissions 1½ per cent,	334 44
Total	$11,129 03
Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1884,	$1.317 92

1885.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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1885.

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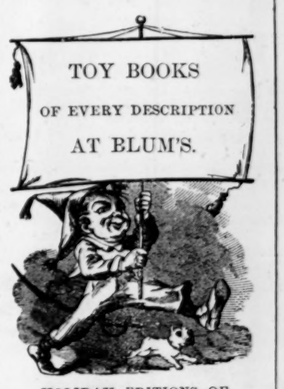

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The Old Mullein Plant.

While nature has been sparing in giving us an abundance of her valuable minerals, she has by an All-wise provision been generous in the prolific distribution of such vegetation she has given for medicine, and science in its eager search for the rare ones, has overlooked this fact. How many of us seeing the common Mullein plant in the old fields and waste places; the beautiful Sweet Gum tree bordering our swamps, have thought that in each there was a principle of the very highest medicinal virtue. It is true that the Cherokee Indians knew of this years ago, but not until recently has it began to attract the attention of the Medical world, and now the long forsaken Mullein plant ranks among the first, and all the medical journals are heralding its grand effects.

In TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN, the mullein tea is combined with the Sweet Gum, and by its use Consumptives are relieved and mothers made happy in curing their little ones of Croup and Whooping-Cough, and all suffering from Lung and Bronchial diseases are troubled no more.

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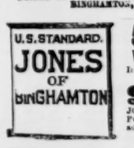
U.S. STANDARD.
JONES
OF
BINGHAMTON

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Save your coal cinders and ashes; sift the ashes and use them about the currant and gooseberry bushes.

About 5,000 patents have been granted by our government for churns, and still inventors are at work perfecting new designs.

As a remedy for the so-called scab in potatoes, Henry Stewart recommends the growing of them with fertilizers, and not with manure, especially old manure.

After the age of nine months a good hog may be made to weigh as many pounds as he is days old. He should be farrowed early in the spring and slaughtered before January.

It is a well-known fact that all animals grow better and take on fat faster in warm weather than in cold, and it is well to take advantage of this fact in preparing the surplus stock for sale.

In order to secure the fastest walking horses they must be tested, and the best retained for breeding, as careful selection will result in the establishment of a breed of fast walking horses if persisted in.

Fodder that is properly saved and fed in combination with clover, hay and grain is of equal value with timothy hay by weight, says Professor Sanborn; but such fodder is very different from that which is exposed to frost and bleaching rains.

One pint of oats, with a like measure of brand, is a day's rations in two feeds for a breeding ewe. A week after lambing the ration should be increased by adding one-fourth of oil meal. She should also receive as much cut hay and straw as she will eat.

The rapid growth and dense shade which buckwheat makes give it great value as a weed destroyer. Even thistles can be kept down by it if the land is sown as soon after plowing as possible, and the first thistles that appear are pulled or cut with a hoe.

The farmer with an undisciplined mind usually hates exactness. He don't like to be asked how many acres he has of anything, what is his yield per acre, his income, his expenses, or whether he is advancing in wealth. To keep accounts is horrifying. The farmer of the future will do better.

The value of an ordinary ton of manure is estimated at 300 pounds solid, worth $1.40; 800 pounds of straw and litter, worth $1, and 900 pounds of water and useless matter, the value of the entire 2,000 pounds being $2.40. Manures, however, vary in composition, and the figures are not reliable.

The whole operation of butter-making from the taking of the milk to the delivery of the butter to the consumer, is entirely mechanical; but it is a branch of mechanics that tolerates no mistakes, for the least failure to perform the proper operations at the proper time results in an inferior article, and perfect butter only commands the highest price.

Even a stiff clay soil may be rendered more fertile by under-drainage, which not only carries off the surplus water, but allows the air to penetrate the soil. In dry weather the air carries a proportion of moisture with it, while the warmth of the sun is absorbed more quickly in early spring. A thoroughly drained soil produces better crops and starts an earlier growth than one which is allowed to drain itself naturally.

Washing butter with brine has two effects. If the fine-grained butter is allowed to stand for some time in the brine the latter will, by the natural laws of gravity, cause the solid or cheesy matter in buttermilk to assume a lower strata, and can thus be drawn out from under the butter. The added water has also an affinity for the sugar of milk, and takes it with it when drawn off. The brine also causes a slight contraction of the butter globules, which causes increased firmness.

If butter is drained dry before the salt is added a marbled appearance may be noticed to some extent, but if the granulated butter when put upon the worker is full of the brine used in washing it out to free from buttermilk, it will so dissolve the salt during the working that when ready to pack the objection raised will not exist. The packing would have something to do with it if put into fifty-six pound tubs. Butter does well if put in well-glazed one-gallon crocks. About one pound of butter should be put in each time, and most thoroughly crowded in with a wooden potato masher, and it will come out of the crock of as solid color as one could wish. The whole trouble of marbled butter is one of salting it too "dry" and putting too much in the package at a time when packing.

It is a well-known fact that some hogs, when reduced to an impoverished state, are really very thin, as the term is understood, while others have a meagre amount of fat as the thinnest, yet have greater fullness of all parts, and under no circumstances do they become so lean in appearance as the other. This difference is owing entirely to the greater size of the muscle, the motive parts, and this difference is invariably shown in the cut-up meat. Farmers must take greater care to keep their hogs clean, and let them eat only clean food to make the best pork. Don't overfeed the hogs and let them eat sour feed or feed left over, but give them freely three times a day all they will eat up clean and relish. Add to the corn diet turnips, pumpkins, potatoes, etc., as a relish. It will help them to eat and digest more corn.

A Chapter on Soups.

Of all soups the most common and susceptible to variations is one in which the stock is prepared of beef. The trouble with the average American-prepared meat soup is that it is too greasy and thick. German soups are often thick, but seldom greasy. Every thing is liable to be run across in a Scandinavian soup, from a small sardine to a raisin or a grain of allspice. But the delicious French soups are always clear.

During cold weather the stock for beef soup can be kept on hand. At any season it should always be prepared the day before using. The shin is a good piece for this purpose. Have the bones well cracked and extract the marrow, which should be put in the soup. To each pound of lean beef allow one quart of water. Put the beef, bones and water into a close kettle and set it where it will heat gradually. Let it boil very slowly for six or seven hours. Look at it once in a while to see if the water is sinking too rapidly. Should this be the case, replenish it with boiling water, taking care, however, not to add too much of it. When it has boiled seven hours, set it away and let it stand closely covered till the next day. Almost an hour before it is wanted for dinner take off the cake of fat which will be found on the surface of the stock; remove the meat, which can be used for mince meat or in making a nice salad with cold potatoes and onions. Set the stock over the fire and throw in a little salt to bring up the scum. When this has all been carefully removed, put in such vegetables as are desired. If these are cut fine, it is "Julian" soup. If young cabbage, quartered and boiled, and young carrots and turnips are put in whole and dished up with the soup with the addition of toasted crusts, it is the French family soup, according to the taste. The vegetables are better when cooked by themselves and added with their juices to the soup. The seasoning, too, is a matter of taste. Vermicelli or macaroni which has been boiled tender can be added if desired.

There is no more absurd notion in regard to soup-making than the idea that all sorts of scraps can be thrown into a pot and made into a good soup. A skillful cook can create a good soup from chicken or turkey bones, but for meat soup only fresh and uncooked meat must be used.

Veal soup can be prepared in similar manner to beef soup. It is unnecessary, however, to boil the meat the day before it is wanted. Three hours is sufficient length of time for it to be over the fire. The same proportions of meat and water are used as for the beef. Be careful to skim it close, and if not clear to strain it through a colander. If macaroni is used put a little butter in with it before adding to the soup.

To make mutton or lamb broth allow, as for the preceding soups, a quart of water to a pound of meat. Boil it for two hours slowly. Add half a teacupful of cooked rice at the expiration of this time to the boiling soup. Cook one hour longer, stirring frequently to keep the rice from settling to the bottom. Beat an egg to a froth and stir into a cup of milk into which has been rubbed a tablespoonful of flour. Mix this a little at a time with some of the scalding liquor until the egg is cooked so that it will not curdle the soup. Take out the meat and put the egg and milk into the pot. Season with pepper, salt and such herbs as desired.

The most common of vegetable soups is bean soup. Any kind will do, although the best are the French beans. Soak a quart of them over night in lukewarm water. Put them over the fire next morning with one gallon of cold water. Boil for three or four hours. Add celery, onions if desired, and one or two sliced potatoes. Simmer until the vegetables are done. Caraway or dill seed is a good addition to the seasoning of bean soup.

Split-pea soup can be made in the same way as bean soup, except that it requires less boiling.

Tomato soup can be made in the two following ways, and no one who has not eaten it can have any any idea how good it is: To one pint of canned tomatoes or four large raw ones add one quart of boiling water. Let the vegetables boil till thoroughly mixed through the water. Then add one teaspoonful of soda, when it will foam. Immediately add one pint of milk. Put in plenty of butter, salt and pepper to taste. It is then ready to serve. Tomato soup can be made without milk. To six large tomatoes, or a pint and a half of the canned vegetable, allow one gallon of water and boil thoroughly. Add a large piece of butter. Beat an egg to a froth, add a little milk or cream and put into the soup just before it is sent to table.

One soup is made by frying finely sliced onions in butter and turning boiling water over them. To six good-sized onions allow a gallon of boiling water. Throw in some parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Serve with a slice of bread fried a light brown in each plate.

Pumpkin or squash soup is almost a national dish in France. Indeed, the first-mentioned vegetable is scarcely employed there for any other purpose than for soup-making. To two quarts of thoroughly cooked pumpkin or squash allow one quart of milk, plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Serve with toasted bread.

Sorrel is a pest to many a farmer, and almost takes possession of his freshly broken fields. However, sorrel makes a fine soup, albeit, like the pumpkin, it is essentially French. To two quarts of sorrel add a good handful of spinach and a few leaves of lettuce. Put them into a frying-pan with a large piece of butter and cook until thoroughly done. Then put them into a kettle with a gallon of boiling water. Just before serving add two beaten eggs with a little cream. Have squares of toasted bread in the soup tureen. This soup is highly esteemed for invalids.—*New York World.*

The Busy Bee and the Wicked Wasp.

Grant Allen does not agree with the common estimation of these insects. In describing some "Queer Flowers," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, he says:

Now, the fact is, we are all a little tired of that prig and Aristides among insects, the little busy bee. We have heard his virtues praised by poets, moralists and men of science, till we are all burning to ostracise him forthwith, for the sake of never more hearing him called industrious and intelligent. He and his self-righteous cousin, the ant, are in fact a pair of egregious Pharisaical humbugs, who have made a virtue of their own excessive acquisitiveness, and have induced Solomon, Virgil, Dr. Watts and other misguided human beings to acquiesce far too readily in their preposterous claims. For my own part, I never was more pleased in my life than when Sir John Lubbock conclusively proved by experiment that they were both extremely stupid and uninventive insects, with scarcely a faint glimmering of brotherly love or any other good ethical quality.

"The wasp, though undoubtedly an irascible and ill-balanced creature, and a chauvinist of the fiercest description, is yet a person of far more width of mind and far wider range of experience in his own way than the borne and conventional bee. His taste, in fact (like the taste of that hypothetical person, the general reader), is quite omnivorous: while he does not refuse meat, he has an excellent judgment in the sunny side of peaches, and he can make a meal at a pinch off the honey in more than one kind of wasp-specialized flower. But the peculiar likes and dislikes of wasps have produced a curious effect upon the shape and hue of the blossoms which owe their traits to these greedy and not very æsthetic insects. Your bee has a long proboscis and a keen sense of color; so the flowers that lay themselves out on his behalf store their honey at the end of a long tube, and rejoice in brilliant blue or crimson or purple petals. Your wasp, on the other hand, in his matter-of-fact Philistine fashion, cares for none of these things: he asks only plenty of honey, and no foolish obstructions in the way of getting it. Accordingly, wasp-flowers are remarkable for having a helmet-shaped tube, exactly fitted to a wasp's head, abundant honey filling the bottom of the bell, while in color they are generally a peculiar livid reddish brown, more or less suggestive of a butcher's shop."

Who Mrs. Grundy Was.

Who was Mrs. Grundy? It seems strange, indeed, that so little should be known about the antecedents of Mrs. Grundy, who is always so anxious to know about other people; but the fact must be admitted that Mrs. Grundy's origin is enveloped in the profoundest mystery. Nobody knows who she was or how she first entered society. She was not even a character in a play, like the immortal Mrs. Malaprop. She first made known her existence to the public on the 8th of February, 1800, in a drama entitled "Speed the Plow," by Thomas Morton, where one of the characters alludes frequently to her mysterious influence by the words, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Beyond this nothing is known of her. There is, of course, the possibility that she was the wife of Solomon Grundy, of the nursery rhyme, who was born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, etc., and got through his existence on Sunday; for the rhyme expressly says that Solomon was married on Wednesday. Perhaps Solomon Grundy was a solar myth, and Mrs. Grundy something of the same kind. Thomas Morton is, unfortunately, dead, and he has carried his secret to the tomb; and once more the world, which knows so little about its greatest men, will be deprived of all further knowledge of one of its most interesting women.

A new remedy for the worms which destroy house plants is a number of sulphur matches placed in the flower pots with their heads down. The experiment has been tried with success.

TALES OF THE FUNNY MEN.

STORIES TOLD BY AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

Fresh Eggs Wanted—Simple Enough—A Bad Subject—The Story of Smith, of Paris.

Gilbooly and Gus de Smith entered an Austin restaurant and sat down at a table.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"I'll take three boiled eggs," said Gus.

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take the same, but be sure and have mine fresh," said Gilbooly.

The waiter goes to the speaking tube and calls out:

"Six boiled eggs, three of them have got to be fresh."—*Siftings.*

Simple Enough.

Beautiful Blonde—"Well, dear, it is your turn now. This paper says that brunettes will be the most popular this season."

Beautiful Brunette—"That's nothing unusual. You blondes have things your own way during the summer, but every fall there is a revulsion in favor of the brunettes."

Beautiful Blonde—"Yes, I have noticed that. I wonder why it is."

Beautiful Brunette—"Cold weather does not redden a brunette's nose.—*Call.*

A Bad Subject.

Colonel Mateland was recently appointed agent of a well-known life insurance company. The high standing of the colonel, and his excellent qualifications as a business man, immediately secured for him a remunerative run of business. The other day, while sitting in his office, a healthy-looking young man entered and said that he would like to have his life insured. "I am in something of a hurry," said he, "for my friends are waiting for me there at the door. I want a ten thousand dollar policy."

The company's physician, who was present, pronounced him sound, and the policy was soon made out. Several days later, a man met the colonel in the street and said:

"What business did young Blumus have with you the other day?"

"Had his life insured."

"And you insured it?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't *I* He is in good health."

"But I believe he will die suddenly."

"We have an eminent physician to decide upon such possibilities. What makes you think he will die suddenly?"

"Oh, it's nothing to me, colonel. If your physician knows, all right. The young fellow requested that he be allowed to go out and settle up his private affairs, and the judge granted it."

"The judge!" gasped the colonel.

"Yes, the circuit judge. You see the young fellow is to be hanged next Friday."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Smith of Paris.

In our city there was a large number of Smiths. One of our Smiths had the appellation of "Smith of Paris."

All have heard of the Column Vendome of Paris, an obelisk of great height, with the figure of Napoleon I. on top; the same that was torn down by the mob of the Commune during its brief but fierce reign after the Franco-German war. The radicals of Paris thought nothing short of hammering Napoleon down would do.

After the July revolution in 1880, the figure was first hoisted up on the obelisk, and there was to be a great pageant gotten up by King Louis Philippe and all the world was invited to come to Paris and see the show. Among them came Mr. Smith of our city. He set out with a large party, but he and a friend neglected to engage rooms. So when they arrived in Paris the evening before the grand opening they found every respectable hotel full. Six hours were they driving over Paris to find a room, any room, merely to sleep in. At last, in a dingy house in the suburbs, a landlord said he had one bed left, but the room was not very elegant. "No matter, no matter!" shouted Smith; "let's have it at once!" They were terribly fatigued, hastily surveyed the bed, scarcely took a look at the room, and tumbled in. In a few minutes they were sound asleep.

They slept the sleep of innocence, and many hours passed over their closed eyelids. Finally Smith woke up, but seeing no daylight nor hearing any noise on the streets, he recollected the fatigue of the evening, turned around and took another nap. After a while his friend awoke. It occurred to him that he had been sleeping sound and long. He concluded to have another nap after so much trouble. In twenty minutes Mr. Smith moved again, and, finding all still, listened if Mr. Jones, his friend, was awake. He found he was. "Jones, he said, "couldn't you get up and look out of the window?" "I will," said Mr. Jones, and felt around the room for a window. Finally he found one and opened it, looked out and said: "All pitch dark yet Smith—not a ray of dawn—it must be quite early—nor any matches—forgot all about them in the fatigue last night—and the repeater has run down, too!" So back to bed.

Gradually they heard noises and voices. "It's queer," said Smith, and got up to go for the window. He opened it, and all was pitch dark yet. He heard somebody knocking, and asked: "What time is it?"

"Just half-past ten."

"What?" shouted his friend, "half-past ten; and the Vendome inauguration comes off at ten o'clock, precisely! Why didn't you waken us?"

"Ah, messieurs, very, very sorry, but you did not leave orders.

By this time Smith had approached the door and opened it. Daylight fell in copiously from the outside, illumnating their lodging place. The "window" was a cupboard with glass doors. The apartment had no windows.

They did not witness the grand celebration, and left Paris in disgust.

It was a sore disappointment, but Mr. Smith was not to be put down so easily. He was going to Paris again on the very first occasion there would be a show, and he would arrange quite differently.

The day came when the ashes of Napoleon I. lately brought from St. Helena were to be deposited at the Dome of the Invalides. Thousands were again streaming into Paris. Mr. Smith and friends this time were cosily ensconced in apartments in a hotel near the scene of the ceremonies. In due time he secured a good place from which he could view the cavalcade. The solemn music came nearer and the tramp of the batalions; the people pressed closer and closer. Little elbow room was left. Most people had their hats off. The casket with the precious ashes came in sight. All heads were uncovered and the awe was great; only Mr. Smith's head remained irreverently adorned. "Hat off! Monsieur!" said a voice behind him. "Hat off!" Mr. Smith tried to comply, but he couldn't move an elbow quick enough. A stick came down upon his hat; a blow, and the hat went still further down over the back of his head, covering the ears and the nose; there it stuck. Mr. Smith was enveloped in darkness. Some laughed and some cursed. All thought it served him right. Only when the crowd dispersed could he raise his arms and push up his chapeau, and regain daylight. But the ceremonies were over then and the people were going home. Smith left in disgust a second time.

And that's the way he gained his appellation of "Smith of Paris."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Tichborne Claimant.

After having served out a term of eleven years in prison, the Tichborne claimant has been finally released. His sentence was for fourteen years, for the crime of perjury; but in accordance with the English system of "ticket of leave," he was set free three years short of his time, on account of his good conduct during the period of his imprisonment.

The "ticket-of-leave" system, by the way, means that while the prisoner is allowed to go at large, he still remains under the eye of the police, and may be at any time arrested and returned to prison if he breaks the promise made to abide by the laws.

This release of the Tichborne claimant is the sequel of the most audacious attempt at imposition in the history of modern times. It was the subject of two of the most exciting and momentous trials which ever took place in the English courts of justice.

The man who has suffered the penalty of his crime for eleven long years claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, a youth who had left his home and crossed the seas, and who was supposed to be lost by the wreck of the vessel on which he was traveling. The story of the pretended Sir Roger was most skillfully and artfully made up. It imposed not only on many of the real Sir Roger's schoolmates, servants and old friends, but even upon Lady Tichborne, his own mother. Lady Tichborne swore positively that the claimant was her long-lost son. The mass of testimony which he brought to sustain his case was simply prodigious. A large number of witnesses swore that they recognized in him the real Sir Roger. When he went upon the stand he gave an account of his wanderings and escapes, and related incidents of Sir Roger's youth, which convinced many English people, among them persons of rank and influence, of the justice of his claim. Several servants of the Tichborne family, who had seen Roger grow up from infancy to early manhood, were emphatic in their assertion that they saw their young master, grown stout and middle-aged, before them. But despite all this formidable weight of testimony, the case against the pretender was doubly strong. It was proved, not only that he was not and could not possibly be the real Sir Roger Tichborne, but that he actually was one Arthur Orton, a butcher of Wapping, who had lived in Australia, and had somehow got hold of enough of Roger's story to put it into his head to personate him.

When the jury, after a thrilling trial, which extended over months, declared him to be an impostor, Orton fled from the court-room, and tried to escape out of England. But the officers of the law were too active for him; and he was arrested and thrown into jail.

The second trial found him a prisoner in the dock, on trial for perjury and forgery. This trial, too, was long and intensely interesting, and resulted in the prisoner's conviction on all the counts in the indictment.

Throughout the eleven years of his confinment at Portland and Dartmoor, the claimant has unvaryingly continued to assert his identity with Sir Roger Tichborne. In this, too, strange to say, he has been supported, in spite of his conviction, by large numbers of the English people, who still believe that what he says is true.

It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that we may see some revival of the agitation to reinstate him in the title and estates which he stoutly maintains to be his due. He may resort again to the courts, with new evidence; or he may stand as a candidate for parliament. It seems pretty certain that the world has not yet heard the last of him.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Washington Monument.

The workmen who are putting the finishing touches to the Washington monument have to work very slowly and carefully, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*. They are experts in high altitude work, and think no more of a high wind at 500 feet than would a member of the Alpine club. But the work must be done with the greatest delicacy, and so cannot be done rapidly. Nevertheless, Colonel Casey thinks that it will be finished in time for the celebration of its completion on the 22d of February. The keystone is already in place, and the capstone will soon be hoisted to the top, there to be placed in position. Meanwhile, a neat little trade is driven by some of the workmen in pieces of the granite of which the monument is composed, every one of which is credited to the capstone in order to enhance its value. They have drawn the outline of the monument on some of the pieces and find no difficulty in getting fifty cents apiece for them. In a stationery store down on Pennsylvania avenue you can buy more expensive bits of the monument with flowers and even pictures of the monument painted on them by hand. These bring from seventy-five cents to $2.50. They are the most popular souvenirs of the day. But they have really very little relation to the monument itself. They are simply chips from the granite brought here to be placed in it. Whether it was so placed or not must always be as to any particular piece very problematical. Colonel Casey makes a very proper comment on the generally received idea that when the monument is "finished" in February it will be really completed. Of course, the only thing that will be "finished" in February will be the stone work. The trimmings and furnishings will be added next spring and summer. When actually completed it will have all the modern conveniences—an elevator or two, electric bells, electric lights, and what not beside. But there will be no twopenny gimcracks on the top. It will be severely simple—a good deal like the country's father, despite the stories that they tell about him over the river.

Indian Jugglers.

A juggler now made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango seed which he had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld, to our astonishment, that the seed had, in the space of say half a minute become a young mango tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed the mango tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small, unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.—*Chambers Journal.*

Blood Baths.

Curiosity in regard to the peculiar efficacy of blood, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, was the belief prevalent in the days of the Egyptians and in the middle ages that blood baths possessed curative powers. Pliny speaks of the leprosy called elephantiasis, of which he says: "When the kings were afflicted with it, it was a sorry time for the poor people, who were killed to furnish blood baths." In the middle ages it was believed that the blood of maidens and children must be employed, and innumerable cruelties were practiced; but after a time the belief became common that no blood would be efficacious unless it was voluntarily offered. Louis XI. of France had the insane idea that his approaching death could be warded off by the drinking of blood of young children, but the experiment was unsuccessful.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Children's hats are not so large as were those of last winter.

The changeable bison cloths are called by the pretty name of chameleon.

Wedding cards and invitations are very plain and unpretentious in style.

Chinese primroses are excellent window plants for the dark days of winter.

Elegant costumes are again made of corded silk combined with brocaded silk.

Tall pot plants in bloom, set on stools on each side of the fireplace, ornament English drawing rooms.

Imported hats for young girls have beaver crowns and felt brims with three or four runs of stitching.

When the Russian waistcoat is used in a basque, the back is usually cut postillion, although it is sometimes round.

The new embroideries, braids and cords show gold, silver and steel threads combined with those of silk and wool.

Flowering bulbs of all kinds are now in demand for indoor culture. Hyacinths, tulips and narcissus are most popular.

New photograph albums have silver legs and a cover that automatically becomes an easel that holds up the pages one by one.

The new sets of braid ornaments are so made as to cover the whole front of the waist and extend around the neck and down the back.

The richer sorts of brocade are used to trim cloth suits in the same manner as velvet, and they are almost as becoming; those of curled, uncut velvet are the prettiest.

Striped skirts are made up with the stripes extending diagonally across the apron, but are so plaited in the back as to hide the red stripes under those of the darker color.

Mme. Sophie Kavalevsky, a Russian, born Countess Karvin-Krakovsky, holds the chair of doctor of mathematics in the Stockholm university, Sweden. She is only thirty years of age.

Haircloth is still the best material for bustles, nothing superior either in durability or elasticity having been invented. It is never cheap, but it costs less in the end than materials far less costly.

Clock novelties include one modeled on the cuckoo plan, only instead of the cuckoo coming out when the hours strike, a ravan appears and gives as many "caws" as there are beatings of time.

Even cloth suits are now made with a square opening at the throat, but they have a high collar, and the space between the top of the waistcoat and the collar is filled by a cravat knot of a contrasting tint.

English women have discovered that a rather small mirror may be made almost as useful as a large one if set on an easel in the dressing-room, and that an old easel painted brown or black is a good substitute for one of solid walnut.

The newest English fur capes have a bow with ends sewn around the throat, and they are called Mary Anderson. They are very warm and fit so closely about the throat that it is not necessary to wear a silk kerchief under them.

Waists which seem to be tied together are among the novelties of the season. The linings are buttoned and the plaited outside is crossed by ribbons tied in knots, which the wise woman sews, and fastens with concealed hooks and eyes.

Pillow-cases and sheets of colored surah, with a silk broche coverlet lined with satin, is the latest fancy among invalids who receive in their bedrooms. The invalid must, of course, wear a wrapper to harmonize with the colors displayed in the bed furnishings.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company, paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead. She would be thought immodest if she did not do so, as being so conceited as to think her complexion did not need improvement.

Gold and silver are in both ground and figure of the brocades, and by dexterous weaving some are made to look burnished and some unburnished, so that the whole looks like goldsmith's work. The figures are very large and not only flowers and palms but Oriental vases and jars are found among them.

Among the latest costumes is one made of biscuit-colored cloth, trimmed round the plaited skirt with a wide band of mahogany-brown velvet. The hat, collar, cuffs, and band round the edge of the basque were also of the velvet. The Waldeck is a nice little cloth jacket, braided in circles which gradually decrease in size as they recede from the buttons down the front. This makes the design very becoming to the figure.

Mechanical Modes of Worship.

One of the earliest and most characteristic sights to be visited by every new arrival in the town of Tokia is the great popular temple at Asakusa, to me a most fascinating spot, and one to which I returned again and again with ever new interest. Among the many attractions, all within the temple grounds, stands a very handsome five-storied pagoda, painted deep red, and with picturesque projecting roofs. That naturally drew me thither. Very near this tall, quaint building stands a small, neglected temple, with nothing externally attractive to invite the inspection of the foreigner; and, as the door is generally locked, no one, so far as I could learn, had ever had the curiosity to enter, and the windows are so closely barred that little can be discerned by peering through them. That little, however, proved to me that this small temple had been built solely to contain one large object so strongly suggestive of the Thibetan prayer wheel that I felt convinced I had found the object of my search. After considerable delay a very courteous young priest procured the key, opened the great door, and revealed a most beautiful specimen of the Scripture wheel about ten feet in diameter and twelve in height, of the richest scarlet and gold and black lacquer. The actual cylinder is encompassed with tall, slender pillars supporting a beautiful wide canopy of lacquer, while the base rests on a stone pedestal of carved lotus leaves—the invariable symbol round the throne of Buddha—the Jewel on the Lotus. This cylinder is, I think, hexagonal, and the handsome panels form six doors for the different compartments of this ecclesiastical bookcase, wherein rolled scrolls are arranged in upright order. These treasures are kept securely locked, which, however, nowise lessen the merit acquired by the devout, who (by the aid of spikes projecting from the base, as from a capstan) cause the heavy machine to revolve, sunwise, on its own axis. Afterward I spent several days in this small temple, to secure a careful drawing of an object at once so curious and so beautiful. While I was at work, various Japanese came in, chiefly to see what I was doing; several gave the wheel a turn, apparently as an excuse for having come in, but evidently without one grain of religious feeling connected with it. Even the priests seemed anxious that I should understand it was only a curious relic of an obsolete superstition. In fact, of all whom I saw approach the wheel here or elsewhere in Japan, I only noticed one who appeared to be in earnest, and he was so in very truth—working out a solemn task with resolute purpose—a weary man and heavy laden, for he carried a heavy hurden fastened on his shoulders, and was too much absorbed to remember to lay it down.—*Contemporary Review.*

A MOTHER'S DREAD.

The Wonderful Histrionic Development of a Famous Child Actress.

Chicago World.

The New York public was surprised a few years ago at the arrest, at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of little Corinne, the child actress. The little girl, less than eight years old, was taken from her parents and kept in confinement until released by order of the court and mayor of the city. Mrs. Jennie Kimball, the mother of Corinne, who has been known to the public for many years as vocalist and comedienne, has devoted the greatest care to the training and education of Corinne, and the result is a development of natural faculties really phenomenal.

"When did you discover Corinne's remarkable talent?" was asked of Mrs. Kimball.

"I can hardly remember the time when her eyes would not sparkle at the sound of music; she began to sing before she could talk. Before she was four years old she created a sensation and received the prize of a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds, at the National baby show in Boston. Next she sang in a concert given by Brown's Brigade Band, and in 1879 made her debut as Little Buttercup in the Juvenile Pinafore Company. Since then she has sung in opera and played various roles nearly every where."

Mrs. Kimball is a lady of fine presence, and when playing at the Boston Museum, was herself known as "Little Jennie Kimball."

"What has become of the little lady?" asked the reporter.

"She has given place to the person you see before you. Like so many others I have grown somewhat fleshy. Indeed I assumed such proportions that I began to fear for my health. Why, at times I would have the most suffocating sensation in my heart; then again my head would be attacked and I have frequently fa len to the floor in a dead fainting fit. I consulted several eminent physicians and they told me I must abandon the stage if I expected or hoped to live. This seemed terrible, for I am devoted to my profession and also to the development of Corinne."

"And yet you appear perfectly strong?"

"And so I am. Why, I have reduced my weight over twenty pounds within three months, and I never felt better in my life. If any who are troubled as I was questions this, let them try Warner's safe cure, the remedy I used, and they will, I am sure, be speedily convinced of its truth. I believe it is the finest medicine in the world, and any number of my friends to whom I had recommended it have found it as beneficial as it has been to me."

"Is Corinne's health good?"

"Perfect. The child has so much life and vivacity she is overflowing with it, on and off the stage."

The only previous instance of such remarkable precocity which history chronicles is that of the famous Peg Woffington, who first appeared in "The Beggar's Opera," when but a little older than Corinne.

Air for Breathing.

At a recent meeting of the Unique Twilight Club in New York, Dr. Abbott said the bulk of people do not breathe fresh air enough, even when they have the opportunity. He advised constant inflation of the lungs as of great benefit, and said that in the house or out of it, in the country or in the city, people would find great benefit from filling the lungs to the utmost capacity. His advice was: "Get all the air you can." He considered it a great curse that many people have a dread of air. He could not see why people should be afraid of night air.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working today in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

A London baker recently bought 42,500 sacks of flour in one day.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures dyspepsia.

One bushel of ashes represents about two and a-half tons of dry wood.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The dentist to the court of Italy is an American.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggists or mail.

Carbo-lines.

Strike the bosom of old mother earth,
And from her veins unseen
There flows an oil of untold worth
When made into Carboline.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Lost Faith in Physicians.

There are innumerable instances where cures have been effected by Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for all diseases of the blood, when the patient had been given up by physicians. It is one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, and as it is prepared with the greatest care, as a specific for certain diseases, it is no wonder that it should be more effectual than in a tily written and carelessly prepared prescriptions. Take Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup for all disorders arising from impure blood. It is indorsed by all leading professional men.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Only five States now have annual sessions of their legislatures.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and $3 cartridge hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot.

$1 00 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	11¾	@	12¾
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@	9¾
Sheep	2¾	@	4¾
Lambs	4½	@	5¾
Hogs—Live	5	@	5¾
Dressed, city	5¾	@	6
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	3 75	@	5 00
West, good to choice	3 65	@	5 25
Wheat—No. 2, Red	79½	@	80
Rye—State	66	@	68
Barley—Four-rowed State		@	78¾
Corn—Ungrad. West, mixed	45	@	53½
Oats—White State	35	@	39
Mixed Western	31½	@	33
Hay—Mod. to pr. Timothy	80	@	1 00
Straw—No. 1, Rye	70	@	80
Lard—City Steam	7 20	@	7 25
Butter—State Creamery	30	@	31
Dairy	20	@	26
West. Im. Creamery	18	@	24
Factory	9	@	14
Cheese—State Factory	8½	@	12
Skims	1¾	@	4
Western	4	@	11
Eggs—State and Penn	26	@	27
BUFFALO.			
Sheep—Good to Choice	3 25	@	4 15
Lambs—Western	4 15	@	5 00
Steers—Western	5 90	@	6 50
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	6 10	@	6 30
Flour—C'y ground n. process	5 80	@	5 90
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 12	@	
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New		@	60
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	39	@	
Barley—Two-rowed State	—	@	—
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	13 50	@	14 00
Hogs—Live	5¾	@	8
Northern Dressed	6¾	@	6¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	15 00	@	15 50
Flour—Winter Wheat pat's	5 00	@	5 25
Corn—High Mixed	62	@	63
Oats—Extra White	37	@	38
Rye—State	70	@	72
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 50	@	7 25
Sheep—Live weight	3	@	5
Lambs	5¾	@	6
Hogs—Northern, d. w	6	@	6¼
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	4 00	@	4 25
Wheat—No. 2, Red	79	@	80
Rye—State		@	72
Corn—State Yellow	57	@	57¾
Oats—Mixed		@	33½
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	24	@	25
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11¾	@	13¾

The Mason & Hamlin company, long the most famous manufacturers of reed organs in the world, have commenced the manufacture of upright pianos, having effected an improvement which they regard as the most important introduced in many years. An ingenious arrangement fastens the strings directly to the iron plate of the instrument, giving greater clearness and purity of tone, with absence of all more noise. At the same time it renders the instrument more durable, less liable to get out of order. The Mason & Hamlin pianos are certainly exquisite instruments, and, coming from these thoroughly well-known makers, may be depended upon to be all they represent them. — *Boston Journal.*

The smallest county in Dakota is Clay, which contains about 350,000 acres.

A Bargain in Corner Lots

is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time